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IN
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AND THE
NEIGHBOURHOOD.

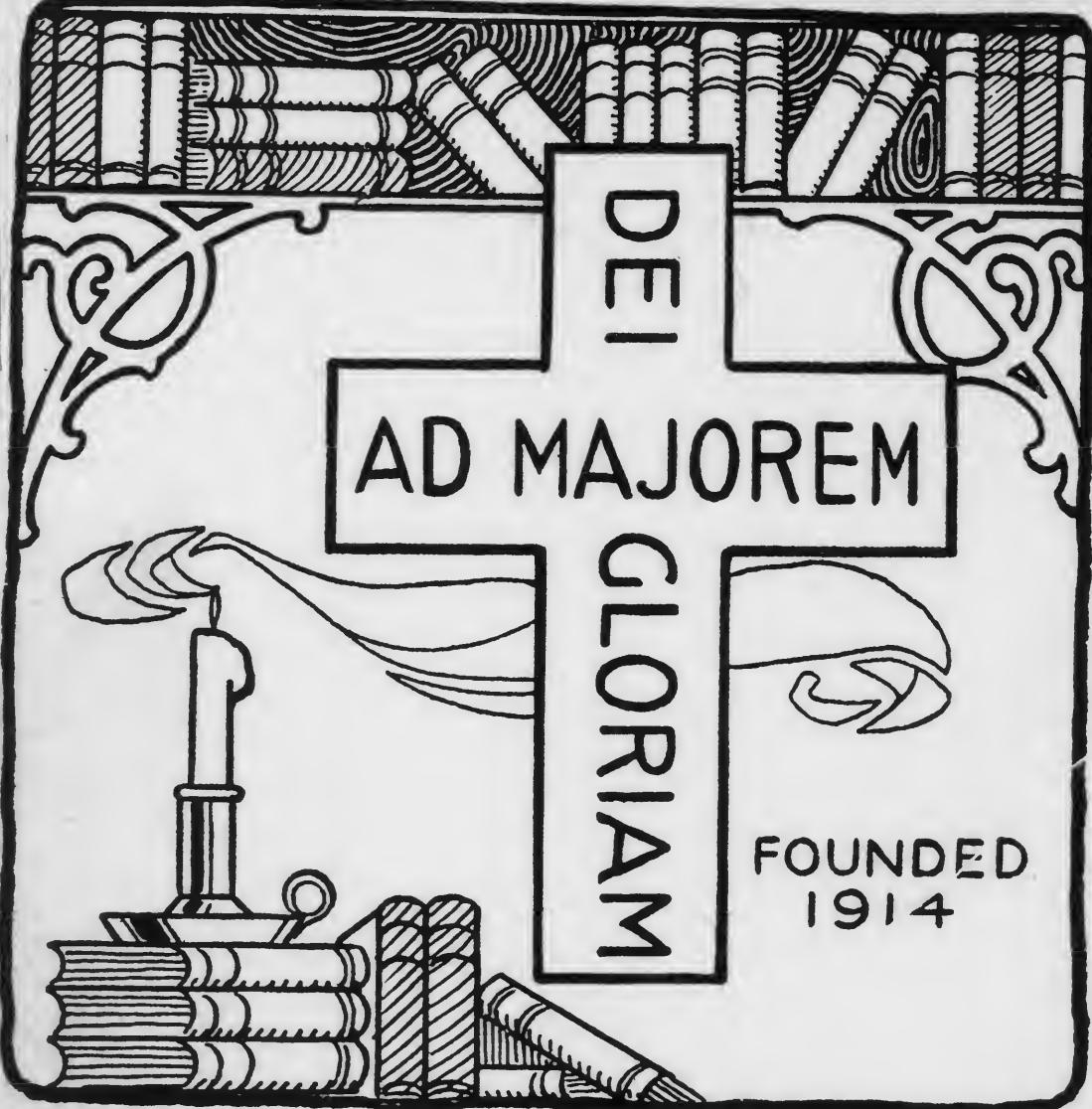
BY JOHN WARD,
WESLEYAN MINISTER.

BINGLEY:
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METHODISM IN SWALEDALE AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY JOHN WARD,
WESLEYAN MINISTER.

ALL THANKS BE TO GOD, WHO SCATTERS ABROAD,
THROUGHOUT EVERY PLACE,
BY THE LEAST OF HIS SERVANTS, HIS SAVOUR OF GRACE.
WHO THE VICTORY GAVE, THE PRAISE LET HIM HAVE,
FOR THE WORK HE HATH DONE:
ALL HONOUR AND GLORY TO JESUS ALONE.

C. Wesley.

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P R E F A C E.

“METHODISM abounds in materials for many such histories, and it is well for careful and loving hands to gather it up while there is opportunity.” So says one of the Wesleyan Periodicals in recently reviewing a local history of Methodism.

Acting upon a similar conviction the writer of the following pages has attempted to produce a record of the rise and progress of Methodism in this Circuit. He has laboured under the disadvantage of being a comparative stranger on the ground, and doubly so in finding so few living who have any personal recollections of Methodism in former times in these two dales. Finding, however, that there were materials scattered about and likely soon to perish, he has undertaken the task of putting them together in the form herewith presented: with what success it will be for the reader to judge. Allowance must be made

PREFACE.

for imperfections on the ground of having been collected and written at broken intervals, and amidst the numerous engagements belonging to the office of a Wesleyan Minister.

If a blessing should descend upon any one whilst perusing these pages,—if precious memories should be awakened of the pious dead by anything therein contained,—and if an increased interest in the cause of Christ and the welfare of Methodism should be created, the author will rejoice, and give God all the praise.

Reeth, February, 1865.

METHODISM IN SWALEDALE AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

AMIDST the hills and dales of the North Riding of Yorkshire lies the romantic and quiet valley of the Swale. Although it cannot boast of possessing beautiful mansions and wealthy residents, yet for bold and striking scenery, rich mineral deposits, and industrious and intelligent inhabitants, it is second to none of the adjacent dales. Swaledale derives its name from the river Swale, which rises a few miles above the village of Keld, and pursues its course past Muker, Gunnerside, Low Row, Healaugh, Reeth, on to Richmond, and, after forming a junction with the Ure at Myton, ultimately falls into the Ouse. It is supposed to have received this designation on account of the swiftness of its progress resembling the flight of the swallow, the Saxon word for which is *sualew*. Tradition informs us

that when Christianity was first made known to the inhabitants of this neighbourhood by Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York, so numerous were the converts that ten thousand were baptised in this river in one day, in consequence of which event it was looked upon with veneration by our Saxon ancestors, and called the Jordan of England. Flowing along the lowlands of the valley in irregular and serpentine courses, it forms a most beautiful and picturesque object, contrasting strikingly with the giant hills which look down with frowning aspect upon its impetuous current at their base.

The fourteen miles which form the strip of country called Swaledale comprise a greater diversity of scenery than can be found within the same limits in any other part of England. Vale and mountain, wood and water, rippling streams and bursting waterfalls, green fields and moorland wastes — some of these meet the eye which ever way we turn. White, the well known tourist, in his “Month in Yorkshire”, when speaking of this dale, says “How beautifully the bright green contrasts with the dark purple distances, and softens the features of the dale, and, as I looked from side to

side, or around to the rear, as the falling road made the hills seem higher, I saw how much Swaledale has in common with the valley of the Alps. I felt that here the desire for mountain scenery might be satisfied, and among these hills, and glens, and ravines there was many a spot which it would be a pleasure to explore."

The late Thomas Coates of Reeth, a well known local preacher and poet, celebrated the beauties of Swaledale in a poem which he published, in which he sings,—

“Tis charming in the month of May,
When nature is so blythe and gay,
To view at once the distant hills,
The rivers, bridges, and corn mills.
The towers of churches, seats of squires,
Such scenes the mountain soul inspires.—
If to the north you turn your eyes
The “Edge” doth so majestic rise,—
Just as the sun, with light askance,
Throws out a last departing glance,
Presents a scene so rich and bold,
The cliffs appear as tinged with gold;—
And scattered fragments all around,
Split from the rocks, bestrew the ground.”

The above lines are descriptive of the lower parts of the dale. Another local poet, (Mr. T. Ford,) describes the scenery higher up, more particularly in the neighbourhood of Gunnerside:—

“Hail! fairest village of the dale!
Peace reigns within thy rural pale;—
Behold the smooth and verdant mead,
Where lowing cattle frisk and feed!—
The lofty hills that heavenward rise,
And seem to touch the azure skies,
Cannot their world of wealth conceal!—
But in the miner’s hands reveal
Their spreading veins of useful ore,
Of which no doubt there is good store,
But which is often hard to find
In quantities to suit the mind:—
Amongst the mines we may relate
Surrender, Kinnin, and Blakewaite,
With Bunting, Blind Gill, Beldi Hill,
And celebrated Swinnergill.”

Although Swaledale occupies but a very subordinate place on the page of history, it is, nevertheless, not altogether void of historic interest. Several traces of the presence of Roman legions are to be seen, especially in the neighbourhood of Fremington and Grinton. Coins, implements of labour, weapons of war, and articles of personal adornment, belonging to some unknown ancestors have been found in various places. On the slopes of Fremington Edge the remains of a Roman entrenchment exist, which seems to have crossed the Swale in parallel lines, running up Harker side to the south and south-west.

IN SWALEDALE.

Very recently a Roman coin in a good state of preservation was picked up near this place, and is now in the possession of Geo. A. Robinson, Esq., of Reeth. Many of the old workings in the lead mines show evident marks of ancient operations. It is supposed, not without some reason for it, that the lead mines at Hurst are the oldest in the kingdom, and that this village was one of the penal settlements to which Rome sent its convicts above a thousand years ago. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that some years since a piece of lead was discovered in one of the old mines bearing the inscription upon it of "Hadrian" one of the emperors of Rome, which is now in the British Museum in London. It is not at all unlikely but that the entrenchment at High Fremington just named, may have had some connection with these mines; probably a guard of Roman soldiers may have been stationed there to watch the convicts in the vicinity.

Upon the dark and sombre declivities of Harkerside there are remains of an ancient structure known by the name of "Maiden Castle." "It is as nearly circular as the nature of the ground will admit, and the ditches still continue deep and wide. On

the east side is an avenue above a hundred yards long leading towards it, and formed by stones gathered from the adjacent common. Near the west end of the avenue, but towards the north, is a large Barrow of stones and gravel which has been imperfectly opened, and of which tradition reports, it yet contains an iron chest filled with money. About three hundred yards south west from the encampment, and on a kind of natural terrace, is another oblong barrow, and farther west are the remains of several cairns." The chest of gold still floats in the visions of the marvellous, but like other treasures of the mountains, it remains yet undiscovered, and ever will do. Conjecture fails to arrive at any definite conclusion respecting the origin and uses of this place. It is generally supposed to have been of Roman construction, and probably connected with the before mentioned excavations. The name itself would seem to indicate a later period than the one just named. The question has arisen in the mind of the writer, whether it has ever been identified with an instrument of capital punishment employed in ancient times, and known by the name of "*The Maiden.*" This machine was something

similar in construction to the French Guillotine, and was used at an early period in Yorkshire, especially at Hull and Halifax. Certain districts were empowered to execute their own prisoners, which was done often for the most trifling thefts. From this circumstance arose what is called the thief's prayer—"From Hell, Hull, and Halifax, good Lord deliver us."

Higher up the valley, on the south side of the river, evidences have been found of bloody fights and hostile frays having taken place, especially about Crack Pot and its vicinity. Such names as Bloody wall, Bloody Stones, and Bloody Vale, by which several places are still called, strengthen the impression that some sanguinary conflict has occurred in that neighbourhood. It is very probable that in the fierce encounters between the English and Scotch, which occurred in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when Northallerton was burnt, the battle of Cowton fought, and a great part of the North Riding of Yorkshire was laid waste, that Swaledale was the scene of some of these bloody struggles. The dalesmen have also a tradition that a battle was fought somewhere in the dale during the time of the Scotch rebellion,

and when the political and religious principles of the leading families of this neighbourhood are considered, this will not appear improbable.

GRINTON is the head of the parish which embraces the whole of Swaledale, and stretches its parochial arms even as far as Westmoreland. The parish Church is an ancient structure dedicated to St. Andrew; in the East window is a figure of St. George in painted glass, with the words in old black letters—“*Maria of brydlington*,” to which priory it formerly belonged. About half a mile from Grinton, near the river Swale, stands an ancient edifice called Swale Hall. It is at present used as a farm house, but was formerly the residence of an old and influential family named Swale. Alured de Swale was a relative of Walter de Gaunt, first lord of Swaledale. The first baronet, Sir Solomon, was raised to that dignity by Charles the Second; he sat in Parliament in 1660, was expelled the House of Commons as a Popish recusant, and died in 1678. His grandson bore the same name, but was most unfortunate in life. It having been discovered by certain parties that the lease by which the Swales held their estates from the crown

had for a long time been left unrenewed, suits at law were commenced to dispossess them of it, which issued in the person who sought to gain possession committing suicide, and poor Sir Solomon dying in prison of a broken heart. The last baronet was fond of giving his full address in the following words:—Sir Solomon Swale, of Swale Hall, Swaledale, by the river Swale. On the north side of the river at the village of Fremington, is the seat of Sir George William Denys, once called Fremington Hall, then A.D. Hall, after the Arkendale mines, but now Draycott Hall.

REETH is the principal place in the dale. It was once a busy, thriving, little market-town, but of late years it has been greatly deteriorated and thrown into the rear of human progress owing to the unproductiveness of the lead mines, and the want of railway communication. The market, which was chartered in 1635, is now about extinct, and the fairs which were once the scenes of crowd and bustle, have become the wretched ghosts of their former activity and life. Beside the Wesleyans, the Independents have a chapel, erected about the year 1780, of which the Rev. Matthew White is the minister.

AT HEALAUGH the celebrated John of Gaunt was once Lord of the Manor, and had a castle or mansion in the village. About the middle of the sixteenth century a large part of Swaledale was granted to the first Lord Wharton. A beautiful park, well stocked with deer, once existed at Healaugh ; Park Hall was built by the fifth Lord Wharton towards the end of the seventeenth century. The fourth Lord Wharton built and endowed a Presbyterian chapel at Smarber Hall, which is now in ruins ; the endowment has passed into the hands of the Independents at Low Row, where a chapel was erected in the place of the old one in 1809, the present minister of which is the Rev. John Boyd. Low Row has the honour of being the birthplace of the present Lord Wensleydale, better known as Baron Park. The Parks were a respectable family of longstanding in the neighbourhood, but have all died off, or removed. His lordship is an instance of what may be a difficult but yet a possible attainment, viz: that by talent and perseverance an Englishman may rise from humble life, to the possession of the greatest honours which his nation can confer. Lord Swaledale would have been an appropriate title

to assume, but his lordship chose the one he bears on account of his property being principally in that dale.

GUNNERSIDE is a considerable village, inhabited chiefly by miners. A forest once covered the immense hills in its vicinity, which made it a place of great resort to sportsmen who came to shoot the game which once abounded there; it has been supposed that this fact had something to do with giving it the name it bears.

AT MUKER there is a small church which was erected in 1580, and is dedicated to St. Mary.

AT THWAITE AND KELD there are chapels belonging to the Independents, the former has been recently built, but the latter was erected in 1745; the Rev. J. Wilkinson is the present minister of both places. Beyond Keld are deep ravines and frowning mountains, the abodes of desolation and dreariness, amidst which the river Swale takes its rise.*

* There is amongst the dalespeople a strong tendency to the use of nicknames, especially in "Swaudle," as it is often called. The practice is almost universal, so much so that it is exceedingly difficult at times to find out an individual's real name. Many of them are formed of pedigrees and the names of forefathers conjoined, such as Peter Tom Willy, Mark Jammie Joss, Dicky Tom Johnny. The Richmond Almanac informs us that

In giving a rapid sketch of the dale it is but just to its people to notice the almost entire absence from crime which marks the valley. That the population is free from immorality, or fully what it should be, we by no means affirm, but a serious misdemeanor is a rare occurrence, and a deed of bloodshed, so far as we can learn, has never stained the annals of the dale. The preaching of the gospel, the beneficial influence of Sunday Schools, Day Schools, and Temperance Societies, have done much to improve the morals of the inhabitants. Two things at present make against the material prosperity of the dales-people, viz., the comparative unproductiveness of the lead mines, and also the want

in 1804, when the Loyal Dales Volunteers were stationed in that town, the following were the bye-names which distinguished those who bore the common name of Thomas Alderson from one another;—Grain Tom, Glowremour Tom, Screamer Tom, Pod-dish Tom, Tarry Tom, Tish Tom, Tripy Tom, Trooper Tom. Modern civilization and refinement have done something towards improving the dialect of the dale, but it is surprising to hear even educated persons designate their neighbours by such singular appellations. It is a fact that some time ago the post-man took a letter to a person addressed to Mr. C —, not a hundred miles from Gunnerside; on enquiry for such a name he was told by the party enquired of that he knew of no such person. After considerable exercise of thought he ascertained that it was for himself, whose real name had been forgotten for the moment under the more familiar designation of Assy Will Kit.

of railway accommodation, the nearest stations being Leyburn, eight miles distant, and Richmond ten and a half miles. In consequence of the limited supply of employment numbers have had to seek fresh ground in other parts of the country, most of which have done well, and some have risen to positions of wealth and influence. Hundreds have also sought new homes on foreign shores where many of them are bringing forth the fruits of moral training which they received in some of the quiet villages on the banks of the Swale. A day may come, however, when some hitherto concealed treasures of these mighty hills will be discovered, and open up sources of wealth and labour to the population; when the locomotive engine will be heard breaking the silence of this valley; when crowded carriages will bear multitudes of toil-worn operatives from distant parts to gaze upon the romantic scenery, and to drink the health-giving breezes of SWALEDALE.

Having in the foregoing pages endeavoured, by way of introduction, to describe the ground upon which Methodism gained some of its early triumphs, we will now

proceed to trace its rise and progress in this locality.

Prior to its introduction the religious condition of the people was marked not so much by open opposition to the gospel, as by the love of sports and games, and general indifference to religion. We have not been able to trace any instance of brutal persecution, or abuse of the preachers of God's word, which disgraced so many other places. Methodism did not find the ground unoccupied, for, beside the Established Churches at Grinton and Muker, the Presbyterians, Independents, and Quakers had places of worship in various parts. It did find, however, as it found almost universally, that religion had dwindled into cold and empty formalism, and greatly needed the quickening and reviving influence, to promote which was one of the great objects for which it was originated, and which it was so calculated to impart.

The first nearest approach which it made to this valley without actually entering it, was in a couple of visits which Mr. Wesley paid to the adjoining dale in the years 1743 and 1744. This was only a short time after he commenced his itinerant career.

In his Journal he writes under date, Friday,
Oct. 28th, 1743.—

“We rode with Wm. Holmes, ‘an Israelite indeed’, from Epworth to Syke House. Here I preached at ten, and hastened on to Leeds, from whence, setting out early in the morning I had hopes of reaching Wensleydale before it was dark, but it could not be: so in the dusk of the evening, notwithstanding we had five or six miles to ride, I thought it best to procure a guide. In less than an hour, it being extremely dark, I perceived that we had got out of all road. We were in a large meadow, near a river, and it seemed to be almost surrounded with water, I asked our guide, ‘Do you know where we are?’ and he honestly answered, ‘No.’ So we rode on as we could till about eight we came to a little house, whence we were directed into a lane which led to Wensley.”

Here he spent the following day, and says, Sunday, 30th:—

“Mr Clayton read prayers and I preached on ‘*What must I do to be saved?*’ I showed in the plainest words that I could devise that mere outside religion would not bring us to heaven, that none could go thither without inward holiness, which was only to be attained by faith. As I went back through the yard many of the parishioners were in high debate what religion the preacher was of. Some said ‘He must be a Quaker,’ others ‘An Anabaptist,’ but at length one deeper learned than the rest, brought them all clearly to his opinion, that he was a ‘Presbyterian Papist.’”

We have in this record incidentally mentioned the circumstance of being lost in a

strange country, and wandering about for hours on a dark October night; also the amusing speculations of his hearers as to the religious tenets of the stranger who had been officiating for their minister that morning. Mr. Clayton was an old college friend when at Oxford, and readily offered his pulpit to Mr. Wesley. In May of the following year he paid another visit, and says, Sat. 19th :—

“I went on to Mr. Clayton’s at Wensley, and on Sunday, 20th, preached in Redmire Church on part of John 3rd, the gospel for the day. In the afternoon I preached at Bolton Chapel, on ‘*We know that we are of God.*’ I was much pleased at the serious behaviour of the congregation both in the morning and afternoon, especially at Redmire, where from a village of about thirty houses we had more than fifty communicants.”

Although these extracts are not immediately connected with this dale, we quote them for the purpose of showing that, as these places were at so short a distance, it is very probable that some from this locality would avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing the founder of Methodism at a very early period. Amongst his hearers at Redmire and Bolton would very likely be some from Reeth, Low Row, or Gunner-

side, who, attracted by the fame of this celebrated preacher, would cross the hills to hear him, and, on returning home, would bear with them the precious seed which had been sown in their hearts, which probably resulted in the formation of Methodist views and principles in the various places where they lived.

Almost contemporaneously with the facts just named we find that in the opposite valley, (Teesdale,) the work of God began its rise. A society was formed at Barnard Castle in 1747, which soon spread into the villages around. This blessed work was originated and carried on chiefly through the instrumentality of Jacob Rowell, and his brother, also, Matthew Lowes, Wm. Darney, and others. Burning with zeal and full of compassion for the souls of men, these zealous labourers pushed their way across the moors and mountains and were the first to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to the inhabitants of Swaledale and Arkengarthdale.

Prior to Mr. Wesley visiting this locality several small societies had been formed, chiefly under the ministry and care of Jacob Rowell, which numbered on the whole, including all the dale, about forty

members; the amount sent to the Quarter-board being 14s.8d.: this was in 1760.* In 1761. Mr. Wesley paid his first visit to Swaledale. On his arrival he found a society consisting of persons whose conduct and experience called forth his warmest approbation. He writes, Tue. June 9th,—

“We had a long stage from hence to Swaledale, where I found an earnest, loving, and simple people, whom I likewise exhorted not to leave the Church, though they had not the best of ministers. I then baptized a man and two women who had been bred among the Anabaptists, and I believe all of them received such a blessing therein as they were not able to express.”

He remained all night, and started the next morning at three o'clock for Barnard Castle. The particular part of the dale which he visited is not stated either in this or any other records of his Journal; sufficient, however, is known to enable the place to be determined with certainty.

The first soil on which Methodism took root in Swaledale was at Blades, a small hamlet in the vicinity of Low Row, which stands on a hill a few hundred yards above

* In an old memorandum book kept by Jacob Rowell we find the following numbers and amounts down as the first regular quarterly contributions from these two dales, viz: “Swaledale 27—7s.6d., Hark n Dale 13—5s.6d.”

that village. At this place resided a family of the name of Spensley who gladly received the gospel of salvation, and opened their house to accommodate the servants of the Lord. Two brothers of the name of Spence from Newbeggin in Teesdale, were amongst the first Methodists, and having relatives living at Low Row, they frequently came over and conducted religious services. Mr. William Spensley, the head of the family just named, fitted up a cottage adjoining his house for divine worship. Preaching was also held at Pick Hill under a thorn bush which formerly stood at the east-end of the row of houses bearing that name, and most likely in some house in Low Row but which cannot now be ascertained. A room in one of the cottages in this row was set apart for the use of the preachers on their itinerant visits, in which was a bed for their accommodation during the night. This humble abode was called the "Preachers Room," and is known as such to this day. It is at present in the occupation of Mrs. Jane Iveson. In this lowly dwelling have rested some of the holiest and best of men, men whose souls were filled with the Holy Ghost, and whose voices woke the dwellers in these dales from their slumber

of sin, and turned them from "darkness to light, and the power of Satan unto God." The wife of good old Jeremiah Robertshaw, one of the first race of preachers, used to spin worsted in this place to enable them to eke out a maintenance, the stipend then allowed being insufficient for that purpose, as may be well supposed when it is known that three or four pounds a quarter was all that was allowed to a minister for the support of himself and family. Mr. Wesley always made his home at the house of the Spensleys up at Blades. A few traditional circumstances in connection with his visits are still remembered. It is well known that such was the complete mastery which he had gained over himself that he could command sleep at any moment he desired. He has been known to catch a few moments slumber in the pulpit during the interval of singing a hymn. It is said that on one occasion he arrived at Low Row an hour before the time of service, and being weary with his journey, he requested the old lady of the house to procure him a pillow and a sheet, with these he threw himself upon a table, telling her that she might go about her usual work as it would not disturb him and he would take

care to wake up at the proper time. Upon this hard bed he slept soundly for an hour, and woke up to the minute to meet his congregation when it arrived. Another story is told about him producing a packet of tea, and requested it to be prepared for his use, but as that article was then comparatively little known in these parts, the person who undertook the business mistook the mode of serving it up, and placed before him the boiled tea leaves throwing away the 'broth' as she called it, supposing it would not be required.* Mr. Joseph Smith of Reeth is in possession of an old table upon which Mr. Wesley used to always stand when he preached out of doors at Blades. This table belonged to a little girl one of the female members of the Spensley family, which she purchased out of the proceeds of

* A family of the name of Wiseman appears to have had a good deal to do in getting Mr. Wesley to visit Swaledale. Several brothers were in the army, one of them named John obtained his discharge, and settled down upon some property which he had at Blades. A sister who lived in London and was acquainted with Mr. Wesley, requested him when he went into the north to call upon her brother, and preach in the neighbourhood. It was this sister who, in anticipation of his visit, sent the packet of tea above alluded to. About this time one of the Spences of Teesdale became a resident at Brownsa House, near to Blades, and having previously known Mr. Wesley about Barnard Castle, it is probable that he, along with the Wisemans, would lead him to favour Swaledale with his personal labours.

her knitting. Something being required to stand upon when preaching was held in the open air, she asked as a favour that *her table* might be used for that purpose. Mr. Wesley was pleased with the girl's industry and the godly disposition which she manifested, and, to encourage her, he always on his subsequent visits asked for his young friend's table. This old relic of by-gone times is preserved with great interest by the descendants of the family. When the present chapel was opened a tea-meeting was held on the occasion, and Dr. Newton, Dr. Beaumont, and other ministers who were present, drank their tea from off this old table.

The work of God continued to prosper in the dale, and the society kept up its life and vigour, as will appear from the next extract. Thu., June 2, 1768;—

“I preached in a farmer's house near Brough in Westmorland. The sun was hot enough, but some shady trees covered both me and most of the congregation. A little bird perched on one of them, and sung without intermission from the beginning of the service to the end. Many of the people came from far, but I believe none of them regretted their labour. The evening congregation in Swaledale was far larger and equally attentive, *and the society was one of the*

most lively which I have met with in England. Many of them do rejoice in the pure love of God, and many more are earnestly seeking."

After remaining all night at Blades, he went the next day to Richmond, and thence to Barnard Castle. In his Journal he says:—

"In running down one of the mountains yesterday, I had got a sprain in my thigh; it was rather worse to day, but as I rode to Barnard Castle the sun shone so hot upon it, that before I came to the town it was quite well."

He then refers to his recent journey through these dales and says:—

"I have not found so deep and lively a work in any other part of the kingdom as runs through the whole circuit, particularly in the vales which wind through these horrid mountains."

The singing of the little bird during the service which he held at Brough was a most singular and pleasing incident, and was calculated to arrest the attention of himself and his hearers. The sweet notes of that pretty little creature helped to swell the praises of Him whom the congregation had met to worship. The lively and happy state of the society at Low Row gave him the utmost satisfaction, and led him to

write that he found few to equal them, which was a good deal for him to say, and redounded to the honour of the little church which then existed. The sprain which he received in running down one of the "horrid mountains" somewhere between Brough and Blades, experienced a remarkable and inexpensive cure. But this is only one instance amongst many which he mentions wherein God, whom he served, gave him special help to prosecute his great mission.

We have just referred to the Spensley family as amongst the first Methodists in Swaledale. It is interesting to observe how an attachment to the religion and people of their fathers have been kept up amongst their descendants, forming as it does a pleasing contrast to the many painful instances where the children of Methodist parents have become, not only aliens, but bitter enemies of the church of their ancestors. Many a proud and wealthy family whose founder was a Methodist, and whose honest savings were assisted by the Methodist people, and whose children in early life were taken to the Wesleyan Sabbath School, will now look upon a Methodist Chapel with contempt and scorn. The maternal great grandfather of the Spens-

leys, Solomon Calvert, was one of the earliest members in this part of Yorkshire. Wm. Spensley (old Willie) was a zealous Methodist who, with his family, had the honour of entertaining Mr. Wesley on several occasions. Three of his sons were warm-hearted Wesleyans ; two, viz., James and William, were local preachers, and John a useful leader. Nearly all the numerous children of James were members of the society ; six out of the eight sons became local preachers, and one a travelling preacher, viz., Calvert, of whom we shall speak hereafter. A *great great grandson* is at present in the Wesleyan ministry, viz., the Rev. James Spensley. The good old folks seem to have been people of sterling worth, but of plain and steady habits, who sought to glorify God in their day and generation. Their posterity has realized the scripture promise, “The generation of the upright shall be blessed.”

Up to this time, (1768), no places of worship had been erected in the dale ; the small societies contented themselves with humble cottages, or service out of doors. Whilst the cause of Methodism was forming at Blades and Low Row, classes were being formed at Reeth and Gunnerside, and also

in Arkengarthdale, each, however, recognised Low Row as its head. The quarterage seems, notwithstanding, to have been separately entered in the Circuit Book. The following items are down for the June quarter of 1768. "Blades, £1 18s. 6d." "Reeth, 8s. 6d." "Arkindale, 11s. 6d."* This was a respectable sum for Blades to send, for Darlington only sent 12s., and Richmond 5s.3d. In 1757, when the

* In the old Dales Circuit Book which is now before us, we find the following items down at a still earlier date. "Blades 1766, Lady-day Quarter Day, £2 4s. 0d. Reeth, 8s. 3d. Arkindale, 9s. In the succeeding Quarters, Blades keeps up its sum; Arkindale and Reeth vary, the latter getting down at times as low as 5s.6d., and once or twice nothing at all. At the Michaelmas Quarter-day, 1766, the total income from all places including Barnard Castle, Darlington, Wolsingham, Allendale, Richmond, Swaledale, and many other places, was £18 2s. 9d., and yet this was sufficient to pay all expenses, the salaries of three travelling preachers and leave a balance of 18s.5d. in the steward's hands. "Ah," said a young local preacher who had more impudence than prudence, when attending a Quarterly meeting at which the ministers were being paid, "Ah, it is not as it was in the days of Wesley and Nelson, when they came to preach in this county, and ate blackberries when they had done, and slept on their saddle-bags." The chairman of the meeting kindly but somewhat sarcastically said, "Well, brother, I do not deny that such was the case, but the question is, *ought* it to have been so? You are a young local preacher, and there has been a whisper about your becoming a travelling preacher. Now let us suppose this to be the case, and that on the last Sabbath you had done what I did: *i.e.*, preached three times, and travelled from place to place, met the classes at each place, &c., whether would you rather have supped on blackberries or beefsteaks?" The impudent young fellow made no reply, the

Dales Circuit was first formed, Swaledale had its representatives although very few in number. Thirteen years afterwards they had swelled into a considerable body, and numbered upwards of 120.

The time appears to have now arrived when a chapel was required to accommodate the increasing number of worshippers. As Low Row and Blades were the first places where Methodism gained a footing in this dale, so on the same ground the first chapel was erected. No documents now exist to enable us to determine the exact time of its erection, excepting an old Copyhold Court Roll which bears date, April 24, 1769. In this document the particular measurement of land is given,

appeal having touched him on a very sensitive point. It should be borne in mind that whilst so little appears to have been paid in money, the wants of the minister were all supplied while out in the Circuit, which was nearly altogether so in olden times, and large presents of corn, potatoes, eggs, bacon, &c., were frequently sent by the farmers to the homes of the preachers. The saddle-bags of the old ministers also were often stuffed full with good things by the hands of generous Marthas, bacon often forming the principal gift, which gave rise to the reproachful epithet addressed to a Methodist preacher in former days, "Old preach for bacon." With all their hard fare and persecution many an old preacher who has had to work in modern times, with modern pay, has sighed for the evangelistic rambles of his early days in preference to the endless routine and brain work of these "better times."

viz., "fourteen yards in length, and eight yards and one foot in width." It is described as standing in the "territories of Low Row," and conveyed to a Mr. William Garth. There is nothing in it to show that it was to be used for the purpose of a chapel. In a deed, however, of a later date we find this same measurement of ground exactly described, with this addition, "whereupon a Meeting House hath been some time since erected." We are thereby enabled to ascertain the probable time when the first Methodist Chapel was built in Swaledale. On turning to the Minutes of Conference for 1766, we observe the question asked, "What places petition for help?" A number of towns are mentioned, and in the list we find Swaledale, but nothing appears to have been granted. It is not improbable that this request was made for the purpose of building a place of worship, but failing to obtain assistance, it was postponed a while longer. In 1768 Mr. Wesley was on the spot, and a personal consultation with him would revive the matter again; accordingly in 1769 the land was purchased, and no doubt steps were taken immediately to accomplish their desires. The ground in question was on

Pick Hill, Low Row, a short distance to the northwest of the present place of worship. The building put up was a plain stone structure similar to many other village chapels erected at that time. It contained no gallery at first, but after undergoing several alterations one was put in, in which state it continued until 1841, when it was taken partly down and its materials worked up in the erection of its successor. At the present time it is in a state of complete delapidation, the walls being nearly level with the ground. Amidst the ruins of this dear old sanctuary lie interred numbers of the sainted dead, sleeping in undisturbed repose until the trumpet wakes them on the resurrection morning. Alone and solitary it stands, what little remains of it, in the corner of a field; the path which was often trod by the feet of zealous worshippers has become a “lonely, unfrequented way,” and those walls which so frequently resounded with the loud praises of its early occupants are now like them scattered and silent in the dust. It is hoped that this humble, but holy and venerated spot will be watched over and preserved with pious care, especially by those whose friends are

buried there, as well as for the sake of those hallowed memories which surround the place. In the year 1828 it was conveyed in trust to Mr. James Spensley, Mr. Christopher Raw, Mr. Wm. Martin and Mr. Wm. Spensley; the two former have passed away to heaven, the two latter still continue the trustees.

A short time before the chapel was built a zealous and devoted young man named Thomas Cherry, of Low Row, was called into the ministry. His first appointment was to Haworth, afterwards Dundee and Aberdeen. After labouring with great zeal and usefulness for three or four years his health failed, and he came home and remained a supernumerary for about two years. His manner of preaching greatly affected his health, and tended to shorten his days. Mr. Wesley says in his Journal dated, Dundee, May 7th, 1772:—

“I took Thomas Cherry away with me; but it was too late, he will hardly recover. Let all observe that no more preachers may murder themselves; here is another martyr to screaming.”

Although the prudence of this godly young man may be questioned, yet his devotion to the work in which he was engaged was undoubted. Atmore, in his “Memorials,”

says of him, “He entered upon the work of the ministry in the year 1767. He was a very pious, steady, useful young man. He laboured faithfully and with success for a few years, and then it pleased the Lord to take him to an early rest. He finished his course with joy about the year 1773.” His piety was deep, his zeal ardent, and his compassion for souls intense. The estimation in which he was held was expressed in a common saying amongst his friends, that “there was a CHERRY in Scotland always ripe, both winter and summer.” He preached his last sermon in the old chapel at Low Row from “*Be thou faithful unto death, &c.*” In his closing remarks he reminded his hearers that it was their last warning from him, for his work was done. As he walked from the chapel he looked back upon it and said, “that place in fifty years will be too small, and a new one will be required.” In 1762, Jacob Rowell, that “good old soldier of Jesus Christ,” as Mr. Wesley called him, obtained his second wife out of Swaledale, a Miss Elizabeth Simpson of Low Row, who outlived her zealous husband a few years, and died in 1788.

In 1772, Mr. Wesley paid another visit to this dale, but merely says :—

“On Tuesday, 29th May, and the following days, I took a little circuit through Weardale, Teesdale, and Swaledale.”

How much time he spent in this neighbourhood is not stated, but we presume from the gratification he felt on former visits, that he would give them as much as he could spare. The chapel was at that period no doubt erected, and in it his voice would be heard preaching those mighty and glorious truths which shook the kingdom, and which are destined to shake the world. In 1774, he was here again, and writes :—

“Mon., June 13th. At eleven I preached in Teesdale, and Swaledale in the evening. Tue., 14th, we crossed over the enormous mountain into lovely Wensleydale, the largest by far of all the dales as well as the most beautiful.”

He then speaks of going to Redmire, and says,—

“As I rode through the town the people stood staring on every side, as if we had been a company of monsters. I preached in the street, and they soon ran together, young and old, from every quarter. I reminded the elder of their having seen me thirty years before when I preached in Wensley church, and

enforced once more '*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*' When I rode back through the town it wore a new face. The people were profoundly civil; they were bowing and courtseying on every side. Such a change in two hours I have seldom seen."

Nothing particular seems to have occurred during this journey into the dale, at least nothing is recorded. He spent the night in all probability with his old host, Mr. Wm. Spensley, at Blades. The next day he made his way into Wensleydale, over "the enormous mountain." His probable route would be by Grinton, through Healaugh and Reeth. Neither his Journals or tradition speak of him calling at either of these places. A few days after leaving here a most remarkable escape from destruction happened, which, although it has no connection with this place, will yet show the overruling care of Providence towards him. We give the record entire.

"Mon., 20th. About nine I set out for Horsley (from Newcastle,) with Mr. Hopper and Mr. Smith. I took Mrs. Smith and her two little girls in the chaise with me. About two miles from the town, just on the brow of the hill, on a sudden both the horses set out, without any visible cause, and flew down the hill like an arrow out of a bow. In a minute John fell off the coach box. The horses then

went on full speed, sometimes to the edge of the ditch on the right, sometimes on the left. A cart came up against them; they avoided it as exactly as if the man had been on the box. A narrow bridge was at the foot of the hill; they went directly over the middle of it. They ran up the next hill with the same speed; many persons meeting us, but getting out of the way. Near the top of the hill was a gate which led into a farmer's yard. It stood open. They turned short, and ran through it without touching the gate on one side or the post on the other. I thought, however, the gate which is on the other side of the yard and is shut, will stop them, but they rushed through it, as if it had been a cobweb, and galloped on through the corn field. The little girls cried out 'Grandpapa, save us!' I told them 'Nothing will hurt you, do not be afraid;' feeling no more fear or care, (blessed be God,) than if I had been sitting in my study. The horses ran on, till they came to the edge of a steep precipice. Just then Mr. Smith who could not overtake us before, galloped in between. They stopped in a moment. Had they gone ever so little, he and we must have gone down together."

After recording the circumstance he proceeds to make the following observations:

"I am persuaded both evil and good angels had a large share in this transaction; how large we do not know; but we shall know hereafter. I think some of the most remarkable circumstances were—1. Both the horses, which were tame and quiet as could be, starting out in a moment just at the top of the hill, and running down full speed. 2. The coachman being thrown on his head with such violence, and yet

not hurt at all. 3. The chaise running again and again to the edge of each ditch, and yet not into it. 4. The avoiding the cart. 5. The keeping just the middle of the bridge. 6. The turning short through the first gate in a manner that no coachman in England could have turned them, when in full gallop. 7. The going through the second gate as if it had been but smoke, without slackening their pace at all; this would have been impossible, had not the end of the chariot pole struck exactly on the centre of the gate, whence the whole, by the sudden impetuous shock, was broken into small pieces. 8. The little girl, who used to have fits, on my saying 'Nothing will hurt you,' ceased crying and was quite composed. Lastly,—That Mr. Smith struck in just then; in a minute more we had been down the precipice; and had not the horses then stopped at once they must have carried him and us down together. 'Let those give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed, and delivered from the hands of the enemy.' "

We see in this occurrence a proof of God's care over his servant, as well as the calm confidence which he exercised in the hour of imminent danger. Truly he could sing,

Encompassed with ten thousand ills,
 Pressed by pursuing foes,
I lift mine eyes unto the hills
 From whence salvation flows.

My help is from the Lord, who made
 And governs earth and sky;
I look to his Almighty aid,
 And ever watching eye.

He who my soul in safety keeps,
Shall drive destruction hence;
The Lord my Keeper never sleeps;
The Lord is my defence.

MONTGOMERY.

We turn again to the Journals of Mr. Wesley and find that he was at Low Row for the last time in 1780. This time he comes from the south; on all his former visits he entered the dale from the north. He is proceeding from Ripon by Garvaix Abbey, and writes, Wed., May 3rd,—

“Judging it impracticable to pass the mountains in a carriage, I sent my chaise round, and took horse. At twelve I preached at Swaledale, to a loving people, increasing both in grace and numbers. Thence we crossed over another range of dreary mountains, and in the evening preached at Barnard Castle.”

The course he took on this journey would again bring him through Grinton and Reeth, but not a word respecting either place is written. Toilsome must have been that day’s labour; over those “horrid mountains,” upon horseback, along wretched roads, preaching at Low Row at twelve, off to Barnard Castle over dismal and dreary moors, and conducting service in the evening: and all this when 76 years of age! He might well say “*I felt something like weariness, but I forgot it in the lively*

congregation, and in the morning it was gone." On this final visit he found the society at Low Row all that he could desire, "increasing both in grace and numbers." Taking a hasty meal, he pursued his journey and bade his loving friends at Blades farewell, and the next time he met them was in heaven.

Methodism has kept its ground in Low Row unto this day. Days of prosperity of marvellous outpouring of the divine Spirit, of converting grace and power have been witnessed, wherein many souls have been saved. The sanctity and prayers, and memories of the past seem to have hung around this locality for many years. Would that the children were equal to their fathers, that the mantles of the dead Eiljahs might fall upon their living sons! The present chapel was erected in the year 1841, under the architectural management of the late Rev. John Rawson. Mr. Rawson did himself credit as an architect in many other instances, but certainly the Low Row chapel is a marked exception. In the year 1829 a piece of ground adjoining the chapel was obtained for the interment of the dead, which has been filled up, and more land is urgently required. In this ground lies

buried the Rev. John Rawson, who died at Reeth in 1850, in the 74th year of his age, and the 42nd of his ministry.* He travelled in this circuit in 1821 and 1822, and after labouring in several other circuits, he became a Supernumerary, and selected Reeth as the place of his abode, and Low Row as the resting place of his body after death. He was a "faithful, energetic, and successful preacher," of a genial and generous disposition, and greatly beloved in every circuit where he laboured. His portrait appears in the Magazine for 1822. He possessed considerable skill in building and architecture. The chapels at Barnard Castle, Low Row, Healaugh, Muker, Whaw, and other places were built under his supervision, and Reeth, was by him reconstructed. He was gifted with some degree of poetic genius, one specimen of which is affixed to the life of Mrs. Mary Taft. His memory is beloved and revered by all in the Reeth Circuit who had the privilege of knowing him. He finished his course well. When dying he said "Glory be to God ! Christ is precious ! I am happy ! I have

* Also a son of the Rev. Joseph Frank, and the wife of the Rev. Stephen Wilson.

a bright prospect! I shall soon be at home!"

We have already spoken of the Spensley family, one of the members of which lies buried in the same grave-yard, and requires a word or two of remark, we allude to Mr. John Spensley, a talented and zealous young local preacher whose gifts were above the average of his brethren, and whose labours were made a great blessing. His tombstone bears an inscription, which, although somewhat singular, is yet expressive of the esteem in which he was held:

He was * * * * * * *
But words are wanting to say what:—
Say what a brother should be:—
He was that.

He died in 1838, at the early age of 25. Another brother of this family deserves our special notice, viz., the Rev. Calvert Spensley. He was born at Low Row, and when about twenty years of age was brought to God. He earnestly consecrated the renewed powers of mind and heart to the cause of Christ. He became a zealous local preacher, and in 1841, was removed by Providence to Leeds, where he was brought under the notice of the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, who turned his attention to the Christ-

ian ministry, which he entered in 1843. When the writer of these pages was in the Woodhouse Grove Circuit in 1842, the superintendent falling sick, Mr. Spensley was sent to supply his place, and we had the opportunity of labouring together for the space of several months. During that time a most extensive revival broke out amongst the preachers' sons, which extended into the neighbourhood, and many were brought to God; amongst which was John Shrewsbury, whose interesting Life, written by his father, has been made an extensive blessing. At the following Conference he was received on probation. After labouring several years at home he entered the Mission field and was sent to the colony of Natal, where for seven years he laboured with great success. In 1858 he returned home, and shortly afterwards resumed the work of a circuit, but his health failed him and he was compelled to retire. After remaining on the Supernumerary list for two or three years, he finished his course at Carisbrooke, February 29th 1863, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and the twentieth of his ministry. "His intellectual powers were vigourous, his pursuit of knowledge untiring, his industry remarkable.

His preaching was attended with unction from above.” His sufferings to the last were great, but his end was peaceful. Mr. Spensley achieved for himself a “good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus,” and thereby reflected honour upon the soil from which he sprung. Low Row has nothing to be ashamed of in having supplied the ministry with two such men as Thomas Cherry, and Calvert Spensley. During the time of Mr. Spensley’s labours as a local preacher Mr. Rawson lived in the circuit, and feeling convinced that he was destined for some higher work, he addressed to him the following lines :—

“Arise, brave warrior ! chase the routed foe,
Thy sword is keen and fitted for the fight,
Thine arm is strong to deal a fatal blow,
And well thou knowest to wield thy sword aright.
Thy call to preach is manifestly clear,
Thy great commission runs : “Go thou and preach
The living faith, let every sinner hear,
The living way to every sinner teach.”

* * * * *

Thy gifts and graces, neither few nor small,
Indulgent heaven most freely did bestow ;—
Why not obey thy high and heavenly call,
And rescue thousands from eternal woe ?
How great the harvest ! labourers how few !

The wide extended field before thee lies,
Thy worldly prospects—bid them all adieu,
Enter the harvest, and obtain the prize.
For worldly gain will ne'er adorn thy crown,
But souls for ever saved as stars will shine,
And these will be by far a richer boon
Than all earth's treasures, couldst thou call them
thine.

Remember, Cal., the labourers are few,
And thou art called to fill some vacant post;—
And canst thou idly stand and tamely view
The labourers panting, and the harvest lost?
I write not this my Calvert to reprove,
Thy flaming zeal I cannot but admire;
I fain would fan that heavenly flame of love;
I fain would quench all wild unhallowed fire.
Farewell, my Calvert, all thy future days
Maintain a holy, humble walk with God.
So shalt thou quit with joy life's thorny maze,
And, shouting, pass to yonder bright abode.

Amongst the many excellent men who have been connected with the Low Row society we cannot pass over one without a word or two of notice, we mean **GEORGE SIMPSON**, better known as “Little Geordee” His bodily stature was exceedingly small and his body attenuated, but his soul was as robust and large as his physique was diminutive. He was a mighty man in prayer, and almost literally obeyed the apostolic injunction “pray without ceasing.” His worldly vocation was a gatherer

of rags, and seller of small articles of domestic use. In his accustomed round through the dale he became universally known as a good man, and was highly esteemed by all classes of the community. He was one of those precious gems which the Lord sometimes permits to glitter amidst the humblest circumstances. Many anecdotes might be given of his power in prayer. He had a peculiar motion in his body during his devotions, which some used to describe as "pumping." Sometime before his death he was removed to Sunderland where he was kept in respectability and comfort by some generous friends. On one occasion Geordee paid a visit to London, and being anxious to see City Road Chapel about which he had heard so much, he made his way there during divine service. Being weary with the fatigue and excitement of the metropolis he fell asleep in the pew, and being so small he was passed by unobserved by the chapel-keeper when he locked up the premises. Poor Geordee on awakening found out his predicament, called attention to some passers by, and was at length set at liberty again.

In the list of members will be found the name of THOMAS HARKER, or, as he was commonly called "Doley Tommy." He was one of the very first Methodists in Swaledale, and was so called on account of the serious deportment and devotional spirit which he manifested. Tommy was a sincere christian, and a staunch Methodist for many years. It is said that when the cause began the numbers which attended the meetings were very small at first. On one of these occasions about half a dozen were present consisting altogether of Low Row members. Tommy was elated above measure at seeing so many assembled, and addressing his brethren in terms of congratulation exclaimed "Lads, what hath God wrought?" He left in his will a charge upon some land at Kearton of £1., to be paid annually to the Society Stewards of Low Row for the expenses of a horse in conveying a minister to preach there, or for the support of the ministry, and this was to continue so long as a Methodist preacher went up and down Swaledale. Some time ago this provision of his will was disputed, but it remains in operation to this day. Small as the sum might be yet it showed which way his sympathies

and convictions went. It may be said without hesitation that Tommy lived and died a good old Methodist.

Mr. JOHN BIRKBECK also was a man of considerable influence and position in the dale, and a useful leader and zealous local preacher for many years. He was of a cheerful disposition and fond of singing lively tunes, which he did frequently when riding on horseback. He was unfortunately killed by the kick of a favourite mare which had carried him to many of his appointments. His name is still held in pleasant remembrance.

The following list includes the names of all the members in society at Low Row in 1796, with their condition in life, whether married, single, widows or widowers, indicated by the letters *m*, *w*, or *s* appended to their names. To many this roll of membership will be most interesting. Some will recognise the names of fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, whose venerable forms are still floating in the memories and living in the affections of their children and descendants. O that many may be led to reflect upon the wide contrast between themselves and their godly

progenitors, and speedily become "followers of them who through faith and patience now inherit the promises." We purpose giving a similar list to every other place where it can be supplied. The leaders appear to have been John Birbeck, Robert Cleminson, and Mark Raw.

JOHN BIRBECK, LEADER.

Ann Birbeck, *w.*, Jno. Hugill, *m.*, Ann Metcalf, Guy Harker, *m.*, Elizth. Hugill, *m.*, Wm. Waller, *m.*, Rose Harker, *m.*, Margt. Hugill. Ann Walker, *m.*, Ann Harker, *w.*, Willm. Metcalf, *m.*, Margt. Bell, *s.*, James Close, *m.*, Hanh. Metcalf, *s.*, Mary Harker, *s.*, Mary Close, Jane Metcalf, *m.*, Geo. Martin, *m.*,

ROBERT CLEMINSON, LEADER.

Martha Cleminson, *m.*, Robt. Cleminson, *w.*, dead, Dorothy Coates, *w.*, Jas. Spensley, *s.*, Ann Robinson, *m.* Mary Spensley, *m.*, Christphr. Whalley, *m.*, Sarah Whalley, *m.*, Ann Smith, *s.*, Elizbth. Chapman, *w.*, Hanh. Alderson, *s.*, Nancy Dunn, *s.*, Peggy Dunn, *m.*, Sarah Spensley, *w.*, Edmond Coates, *w.*, Geo. Simpson, *m.*, Hanh. Clarkson, *w.*, Simon Raw, *m.*, Robt. Woodle, *w.*, Geo. Spensley, *m.*, John Spensley, *s.*, Wm. Spensley, *s.*, James Spensley, *s.*, Mary Cleminson, *s.*

MARK RAW, LEADER.

Dorothy Garth, *w.*, Hanh. Raw, *s.*, Wm. Spensley, *m.*, Margt. Spensley, *m.*, Eliz. Cowling, *w.*, Jane Simpson, *m.*, Elmr. Harker, *w.*, Sarah Raw, *m.*, Ralph Simpson, *m.*, Hanh. Simpson, *m.*, Ann Harker, *m.*,

Thos. Harker, *m.*, Isabel Harker, *m.*, Wm. Heslop, *s.*,
Nanny Mayor, *m.*, Mary Lonsdale, *m.*

Having commenced with the parent stem we have thought it better to pursue its growth, and afterwards consider the several offshoots which sprung from it, or gathered around it. Reeth will therefore receive our next attention.

R E E T H.

Although not the first, Reeth was, nevertheless, one of the earliest places in which Methodism commenced its operations. Neither record nor tradition speak of Mr. Wesley ever preaching here. Undoubtedly he passed through the town on more than one occasion, as has been already shown, but whether he made any call on his journey is not stated. A society then existed here of some thirty or forty members, and it is not at all improbable but that he did spend a short time in giving counsel and advice to the leaders. We find it impossible to trace its first footsteps, or to ascertain who were its first members, but it is right to assume that, if, in 1768, thirty members existed, it had taken some years before to bring the society up to that number. Prior to the formation of a class

at Reeth, the scattered few were connected with the society at Low Row, and attended preaching there as well as at Eskelith in Arkendale, where a class had been established at an early period. The first place of worship as far as can be traced was a room in a house at Castells, now in the occupation of Mr. Francis Alsop. The members were persons in humble life and of limited means, as the amount sent to the circuit Quarter board would seem to indicate, being only 8s. About this time great excitement was produced in the village of Grinton by the happy death of one of the members, namely, a Mr. John Bradbury, grandfather of the present Mr. John Bradbury of Reeth. He was one of the earliest Methodists in these parts, and openly avowed the knowledge of his sins being forgiven, and died joyfully reiterating with his latest breath the possession of this great blessing. Such a thing being then unknown, it was considered a most extraordinary circumstance, and produced quite a sensation in the neighbourhood. Those who composed the little flock were scattered over the surrounding district, and some came from a considerable distance. One good and zealous woman named Rachel

Hird lived at Elwith, beyond Hurst, and no matter what might be the state of the weather and the roads, she was always at her post. She often had to fight her way across the dreary moors and down the rugged steeps of Fremington Edge through storms of snow and drenching rain, and on arriving at her class meeting has had to stand before the fire to melt the ice from her frozen garments. Warm indeed must have been poor Rachel's heart to go through what she did to enjoy the privilege of meeting with God's people. This was not by any means a solitary instance in that day of members travelling miles to hear a sermon or attend a class-meeting. Distance and difficulty seemed only to render the means of grace more valuable. Alas, what a difference between them and the present race of Methodists, in this respect, as well as in many others. The writer was conversing the other day with an old Methodist in Reeth, when he said, speaking of Methodism fifty or sixty years ago, "I'll tell you what, there's as much difference between the Methodees of that day and the present as there is between an aude and a new milk cheese."

The next place in which divine worship was held was a room near to the present residence of the superintendent minister, and now in the occupation of Mr. Wm. Allison, mason. After this, service was for sometime held in the Club Room of the Red Lion Inn, and then followed the chapel, to the erection of which we will afterwards call attention.

We would here inform the reader what very few are aware of, that in the Church-yard of Grinton rest the remains of one of the most zealous and devoted of the first Methodist preachers, viz., Samuel Meggott. He began his ministry in 1748, and died in Swaledale in 1764. He was distinguished for eminent piety, and his preaching was “mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.” He was of a remarkably grave and serious turn of mind, and continually lived in the divine presence, his constant motto being “Thou God seest me.” He laboured with all his might to win souls to Christ, and his labours were crowned with success. It was chiefly through his instrumentality that one of the most marvellous revivals that ever occurred in Yorkshire broke out in Barnard Castle and the neighbourhood. At the time of his death

he was stationed in the Dales Circuit, and when the last messenger overtook him it found him with the harness on and hard at work in this dale, but what part of it has not been ascertained. In an old Society book for Newbiggin there is an item down to the following effect,—“1765, Sept. 14, Swaledale burial Samuel Meggott, 6s.” Probably that would be their share of the expenses of the interment. In an obscure grave, without a stone to mark the place where his dust is laid, lies buried a man whose mighty soul and eloquent tongue once thrilled listening multitudes by the preaching of the gospel. We think it probable that in the same church-yard sleep also the bones of Thomas Cherry, but, like his fellow labourer, there is nothing to indicate where they buried him. Possibly they may repose not far from one another. It may be uncertain whether their dust mingles together on earth, but there can be no doubt about their souls joining together in the songs and joys of heaven!

Amongst the early members of the Reeth society were two brothers named Christopher and James Peacock, both of them active and useful men, the former of which was called into the Wesleyan ministry in 1781,

and died in 1786; and the latter was a zealous leader and local preacher for upwards of thirty years, and one of the main pillars of the little church when its members were few, and its strength was small. It was said of him "that through the whole of his long life he preserved a reputation which no doubtful circumstance in his history could furnish the tongue of slander to tarnish, an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." He died about the year 1816. His brother Christopher was a young man of extraordinary piety, and superior abilities as a preacher, and although his ministry was brief it was sufficiently long to win for himself an honourable name amongst his brethren, and to be made a great blessing in the circuits where he laboured. He was taken by the hand by the Rev. James Rogers, (husband of the celebrated Hester Ann Rogers,) soon after his conversion, and proposed for the ministry, and was accepted. His first appointment was to Scarborough where he laboured with great acceptance part of the year, when Mr. Wesley sent him to Hull. He was next sent to Macclesfield under the superintendency of Mr. Rogers, then to Yarm, and afterwards to Cork and Dublin,

in the latter city he again became the colleague of Mr. Rogers. In Cork his preaching was crowned with astonishing success. Mrs. Rogers in her Journal frequently refers to him and the blessings she derived from his preaching:—such as “Mr. Peacock was very happy, and spoke with much clearness on the infirmity, mistakes, and temptations consistent with perfect love.” Again, “Mr. Peacock was divinely assisted this morning while he explained that blessed passage, ‘The oath which he sware to our father Abraham, &c.’” In one place she gives an outline of one of his sermons on “This is the will of God, even your sanctification,” and a very superior production it is. In another place she writes, “I rose at five this morning to hear Mr. Peacock’s farewell sermon; his text was, ‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped us,’ which he said he had chosen on calling to mind that his first text in this place was ‘Lord help me!’ This prayer, he observed, had been graciously answered: he never spent so happy a year in any place, and he should praise God to all eternity for his appointment to labour at Macclesfield.” During his residence in Dublin an attempt was made to shoot the Rev. Mr.

Rogers while in the pulpit, but the ruffian was seized and the diabolical design frustrated. Mrs. Rogers, who was deeply affected by the circumstance, says, "The night after this happened Mr. Peacock preached with great liberty from 'Fear not them which kill the body, &c. ;' his word was a blessing to me and many." Atmore in his "Memorials" gives him a high character, and says—"His labours were crowned with considerable success in all the Circuits where his lot was cast. He was greatly beloved by the people for his unaffected piety, his great love for souls, and his indefatigable labours in the ministry." He finished his course in Dublin by an eminently happy death. He said when on his death-bed, "My soul is preserved in peace, and stayed upon God; I have no anxiety respecting life or death, no fear of any kind." Being asked, "Do you feel Christ precious?" He answered, "Yes." "Are you as happy as when you were in health?" He replied, "I am happier." "Is Christ now precious?" He said, "Yes, he is very precious!" The "Conference Obituary" is very brief, but remarkably expressive. It says, "Christopher Peacock, young in years but old in grace; a pattern

of all holiness; full of faith and love and zeal for God.”—*Minutes*, 1786.

In the death list for that year only another name is mentioned, and that was one with whom it was an honour to be associated even in death, viz., the beloved and sainted John Fletcher, of Madely. In calling over the muster roll after battle in olden times, when any names were mentioned that had fallen, it was proclaimed, “Dead for the honour of England!” And of such christian heroes as we have been just considering who fell early in the field of battle, we may say—Dead for the honour of Christ! We make no apology for having occupied so much space in sketching the life of this devoted young minister whose name is a credit to the town of Reeth, and although so many years have passed away since he died, we wish to let the present generation of Methodists know that so bright a star rose out of Swaledale.

In the year 1774 this neighbourhood was visited with a gracious revival in which great numbers were brought to God, and in many other places in the dales a good work was wrought. The Rev. James Rogers says,—“Mr. Duncan Wright and I were stationed in the Thirsk circuit, of

which Swaledale is a part; it pleased God that year to succeed his word, it ran and was glorified in the awakening and conversion of numbers in those parts, which caused a great stir in the neighbourhood of Reeth." It was in this revival that Christopher Peacock gave his heart to God.

After occupying the various places we have mentioned the necessity for a place of worship was felt to be urgent, and accordingly, about seventy years ago, steps were taken to obtain one. In looking over Myles' list of chapel erections we find he puts down Reeth for 1782, but this was evidently a mistake, unless it applies to the opening of the room we have named. The present chapel in its original form was built about 1796, and consisted of a long room over two cottages, entered by a flight of steps on the south side of the building. The person who took the principal part in its erection was a Mr. John Stubbs, for many years a greatly esteemed and useful leader and local preacher in the Reeth society. According to the practice of that day Mr. Stubbs went upon a begging tour into other circuits. He was not, however, left alone in his undertaking, for a person of the name of Joseph Stothard, a well known character in that

day, whose swindling propensities rendered him notorious, availed himself of this opportunity to replenish his exchequer. Having heard of what was going on, he procured a collecting book, and, professing to be properly authorised, he visited several towns and villages and obtained considerable sums of money, and had even the audacity to preach and make collections afterwards. Mr. Stubbs, hearing of his proceedings, followed hard after him, and at length overtook him in Manchester, actually in the pulpit of one of the Wesleyan Chapels where he was about to make a collection. As Joseph cast his eyes round about him to his surprise and confusion he caught sight of Mr. Stubbs in the congregation, and finding that his game was up, he feigned to be taken suddenly unwell, and made a hasty retreat down the pulpit steps and out of the chapel, and of course was *non est* when Mr. Stubbs rose up to denounce him as an imposter. In the condition just named the building continued until about the year 1822, when the whole was thrown into one edifice and made longer; and in 1840 it received another improvement by being newly fronted. It is a neat and comfortable little sanctuary,

capable of holding about five hundred persons. At present the bottom remains unpewed, but when the staircase is screened off, the bottom pewed, and an adjoining vestry built, the chapel property will be then complete. An efficient choir fills the singing pews, assisted by a fine-toned harmonium, which was generously presented to the trustees by G.A. Robinson, Esq., of Reeth.

In the latter end of the last century Miss Mary Barritt a well known female preacher commenced her itinerant career, and shortly afterwards visited Reeth. Her feelings on the occasion were of a peculiar nature. After speaking of her labours in Wensleydale, she says;—

“I then took my leave and pursued my journey over the mountains to Reeth. As I travelled alone and on foot, I frequently kneeled down to supplicate the throne of mercy for direction, comfort, and success; and was much blessed in these exercises. This journey will never be obliterated from my mind while reason and memory last. When I was in sight of Reeth I rejoiced exceedingly, kneeled down and prayed for the whole town. On coming into it I asked a little girl if there were any Methodists there, ‘O yes, I will show you.’ I followed till she pointed to a woman who stood with a child in her arms. I gave the girl a penny and sent her back. The good woman asked me who I wanted. I said, after I had been

up to the public-house above I will come to you. She replied, 'Come in now, and tell me who you are and what you want.' I answered, 'Nay, I may be one of the greatest hypocrites you ever saw for ought you know.' She then said, 'Your face and look tell me that you are no hypocrite, come in!' I said 'My name is Barritt.' She replied, 'A preacher of that name stayed all night at our house last summer with their family on their way to Hexham.' I said 'That is my brother.' She then said, 'You shall not leave my house to night.' Presently her husband came in and we rejoiced together. After tea each of us prayed, and it was a good time. I went with them to the prayer meeting at which I spoke a little and prayed, it was a gracious season. Without asking, the master published for me to speak at five o'clock in the morning. I did so, and many were in tears, and not a few cried aloud for mercy."

The individual at whose house she was accommodated was Mr. James Peacock, already mentioned, who seems to have had a wife as hospitable and open-hearted as himself. From the fact of Miss Barritt's brother, with his family, spending a night with them on his way to his Circuit, we learn that their house was a sort of home to the servants of the Lord. In 1795 she was here again. She describes the conversion of a young woman at Aysgarth of the name of Ann Thompson, who afterwards became the wife of Thomas Coates of Reeth, and for several years followed in the steps

of Miss Barritt by preaching in various parts of this district. The year following Miss Barritt was again at Reeth, when numbers professed to give themselves to the Lord: so great was her success that she says, "The Lord enabled me and others to gather the harvest by handfuls." She also preached at Gunnerside, Low Row, and Arkendale, where her labours were followed with marvellous results, and many remember her visits to this day. She was an extraordinary woman in her way, and without committing ourselves to the approval of female preaching in general, we think her case was a divine exception. In her address she was bold and impressive, her zeal was strong and impassioned, and many very remarkable instances of conversion took place under her preaching. Her labours were extended over a great part of the kingdom and followed everywhere by similar results, as may be seen in the Journal which she published. She became the wife of the Rev. Zacariah Taft, Wesleyan minister, and died at an advanced age in Derbyshire. The writer remembers an interview he had with her nearly thirty years ago, when she was a widow residing at Sandiacre. He was struck with her

masculine form and voice, and the thoroughly old Methodist attire in which she was dressed. He was then a youth and had gone to the village to preach, having her house for his home during his stay. On calling upon her and being informed of his mission, she stretched out one hand to give him welcome, and with the other stroked down his hair, which was rather more elevated than suited her taste, saying as she did so, "Thou must put thy toppin down my lad, there, that'll do, that'll do."

Amongst the "old standers" in Reeth, as they are sometimes called, was a Mr. John Stubbs, who for a long course of years stood by the cause of Methodism through evil and good report. He was a man of steady but earnest zeal, a much loved leader, and a clear, instructive and edifying preacher. His musical talents were of no mean order, as was shown by a volume of original Tunes which he published. His soul was full of harmony, which he consecrated to the service of the Lord. He took great delight in teaching the young people of both these dales the art of singing, by which means many were drawn to the house of God, and not a few into the

way to heaven. He died Nov. 17th, 1830, aged 73, having been a leader and local preacher for nearly half a century. Mr. Thomas Coates of this town wrote an elegy on his death, beginning—

Friend STUBBS is gone, the vital spark
Hath left its tenement of clay;

Mr. Coates felt considerable regret that his friend Stubbs, who had been so celebrated for singing, should have been carried to the grave without a hymn having been sung on the occasion, and expressed his dissatisfaction in some lines which he published bearing the following heading:—

“Nov. 20th, 1830. Attended the remains of the late Mr. John Stubbs to the house appointed for all living. A man eminent for singing, an author and teacher of music. “Be astonished ye heavens! and thou, O earth!” His body was taken away and committed to the dust without any singing either from his own works, or those of any other.”

The house which Mr. Stubbs occupied for many years was purchased for the residence of the Superintendent minister, and the first preacher that entered it was the Rev. J. Gill, who laboured here in 1835. The Mr. Thomas Coates just alluded to was a well known character in Reeth, who kept the Post-office for several years. Besides

being a local preacher, he was a poet, and several of his effusions have appeared in print. He was a witty old gentleman, with a considerable amount of humorous satire in his nature, which occasionally found vent in poetical castigations. He left behind him in manuscript a large quantity of poetry carefully written as if for publication. One volume is now before us containing upwards of 250 pages, 8vo., a great part of which consists of devotional and sacred pieces, and some of a satirical and sentimental character. There is one on his native place, beginning:—

“With heart-felt pleasure I have seen
Yon hills which grace my native vale,
Where murmuring waters roll between
The Arklebeck and river Swale;
Sweets that reflections still retrace,
The beauties of my native place.”

We had marked several others intending to give two or three as specimens, but our space forbids.

Whilst we are dealing with poetry we will here bring before the reader another poetic effusion which we doubt not will be read with great interest by many of the elder inhabitants of Reeth, as well as others, and as several passages in it are connected

with the Wesleyan chapel and some of the prominent Methodists of that day, it will not be altogether inappropriate. It was printed in the year 1826, and composed by Mr. George Peacock, son of the good old James Peacock mentioned in a former page. It is headed—

R E E T H .

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

Reeth, lovely Reeth, I love thee still,
I love the Beck, I love the Swale,
I'm also fond of every hill
'Neath which thou stands't, I love the dale.
I hope in thee my last to breathe,
In thee there's many a friend of mine;
I love thine inmates native Reeth,
And I will some of them define:—
There's Mr. Tennant at the mill,
As good a soul as need to be;
And Squire Langhorn on the hill,
Though queer, there's few as good as he.
Good Sarah Coates lives up Reeth lane,
A thrifty, worthy, pious woman,
Enjoying now her former gain,
Such constellations are not common.
There's Atkinson's, sign of the 'Buck,'
And Spensley (of the pious clan,)
The Steward's son, and Mr. Cook,
Afflicted, but a godly man.
There's Galloway James a man of years,
Of this world's goods he's got enough;

And Draper Coates who has no fears,
Of getting the like precious stuff.
There's Doctor Close lives in the house
Which was Miss Close's snug abode,
With herbs, roots, minerals, earth's produce,
Keeps folks from going the downward road.
But where is Mr. Barker gone ?
'Tis here he used to make his collars
And saddles—that gigantic man
Has left his tools to count his dollars.
There's gallant Captain Harland too ;
And Major John of Langhorn's house ;
As there's no Frenchmen to pursue,
They chase and shoot for pies, fat grouse.
There's Thomas Severs and his shop,
Which I may fitly call the 'Change,
Where idle folks so often pop,
The affairs of nations to arrange.
There's Thwates at Shoulder of a sheep,
And Pally too with jolly charms,
So fat that they can scarcely peep,
But happy in each others arms.
There's Harker come from up the dale ;
Macollah, worthy gentleman ;
And Joplin famous for good ale ;
I skip the house of Alderson.
Skip, did I say ? the ancient house
Of Alderson, in Reeth so famed !
Such negligence would be abuse,
And all abuse is justly blamed ;
My youthful days I well remember,
The Alderson and Langhorn's—dead,
Red Tom's "Ye-ho-voes" in bleak November,
Reeth's famous hounds by Crowner led.

There's also Mrs. Alderson,
Beyont the house for famous ale,
Who bore for Doctor Robinson
The brightest flower in all the Dale.
And must I pass the chapel o'er
Because its ministers are gone ?
No, though its clock will strike no more,
Its vane and ball have tumbled down.
It stands a monument of grace,
A monument of God's decree,
Though none fill it, it fills its place,
And worships God most silently.
Churchmen may sneer, and Wesleyans laugh
At us for preaching up the fates ;
All is decreed, they are the chaff,
The elect are we, they reprobates.
But to resume Biography :—
There's Simon Peacock, too, Esquire,
He knows this world's philosophy,
Yet he must die, as did his sire ;
But when he finds his strength to fail,
And wants his youth again renewed,
Then let him quaff October ale,
Which he in Eighteen hundred brewed.
James Peacock, servant of the Lord,
That saint of God, man of renown,
Were I to pass without a word,
I should be blamed by all the town.
Silently I have passed that door,
Because both James and Mally's dead ;
If I speak not Reeth's stones would pour
Its execrations on my head.
Shall Doctor Robinson escape,
Because he lives at Cogden hall ?

May choicest blessings on him rest,
For he is worthy of them all.
Laird Whitelock too I'm bound to mention,
A loyal man to Church and State ;
And it may be, 'tis his intention,
To live on Sir John Swale's estate.
Squire Hutton too, I ought to name,
One of the richest in the Dale ;
High Sheriff, and of Bankers' fame,
Such banks as his can never fail.
'Tween Marsk and Reeth, just on a ridge,
Which house the "Hagg" we used to call,
Lives Engineer—then throw a bridge
Across from thence to Cogden hall ;
To spring an arch of such a span—
The Engineer will quick reply,
Is quite impossible to man ;
Why, then, suspend it from the sky.
You may, sir, mentally create
A bridge of diamonds if you will ;
You then can cart across your slate,
And ore bring back to Marrick mill.
And then there's Justice Morley's ore,
Should cross untolled the grand suspension,
Squire Whitelock's scots, the Doctor's store,
And p'rhaps myself, 'tis my intention.
John Hutchinson I too must name,
An aged, worthy, godly man ;
And Mr. Stubbs of pious fame,
Did, does good, will, where ere he can.
In passing by a host of friends,
I come to Thomas Coates and Ann,
He's queer but shrewd, and shrewdness tends
To make men queer, deny it who can.

'Tis hardly fair that I should pass
The Meeting house without a word,
Where hoary head, and lad, and lass,
In crowds repair to seek the Lord.
There's one thing greatly in its favour,
'Tis cleaner far inside than out;
'Tis not, as said the blessed Saviour,
Rottenness within, and white without.
Is Jesus found there? some will say.
To seek and find are different things,
Seek diligently night and day,
And ye shall find the King of kings.
But Nicodemus will reply,
"All must to yonder church repair,
For none shall find the Lord Most High
In any place, excepting there;
We are the salt, sirs, of the earth,
All other salt has lost its savour;
We do without a second birth,
And we can do without a Saviour.
We all were *once* born in our lives,
And once we think is quite enough,
For none but Methodists and old wives,
Would preach about such foolish stuff."
The stern Dissenter quick replies,
"Cook's chapel is the place for me,
Whence graciously are heard the cries
Of God's elect, by his decree.
For though your priest came from the college,
And had a learned education,
He's void of Calvinistic knowledge,
The glorious theme of reprobation."
Thus both are heated, both are vexed,
And little show the fruits of grace;

While neither of them brings a text
To prove there's truth in either case.—
Just at this crisis comes a man
Of plain attire, and steady pace,
Who said, for he's a Wesleyan,
"God may be found in every place,
Wherever two or three agree
To ask for grace in Jesu's name,
It makes no difference, there is He,
Church, house, or chapel, 'tis the same."
Then townsmen, let us all unite
In love and helping one another;
Let's pray to God with all our might,
And each love each as his own brother.

Reeth, May 18th, 1826.

ABEDNEGO.

In 1824, 1825, and 1826, Reeth was favoured with the residence of the Rev. Hodgson Casson, whose labours were made a great blessing in this dale as well as elsewhere. Mr. Casson was an eccentric, but a zealous servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose soul seemed swallowed up in one great desire to save souls, to accomplish which he was willing to be accounted a fool for his Master's sake. It may be difficult for calm and steady going Christians to sanction some of his proceedings, but his motives were pure in all he did, and his most startling irregularities were sanctified to the best of ends. The Peter Cartwright dash that he often exercised

proved the means of arresting the attention of the most indifferent, and bringing the most abandoned to thoughtfulness, penitence, and prayer. We give in his own words one instance of his manner of arousing a slumbering church and promoting a revival. In a letter dated Reeth, Dec., 1825, he says;—“Permit me to relate an anecdote. The last circuit I was in I visited one place which had long been very low. I went determined to kill or cure; laid on, as some of them said, unmercifully and cracked the pulpit. An old respectable lady that had been a constant hearer for more than thirty years, and was a great support to the cause, ran out of the chapel terrified. Poor Casson was doomed to Bedlam by both professor and profane. The Methodists said they were ruined, their best friend was gone: the wicked laughed and said—‘they will come to nought.’ The consequence was, hundreds came that never came before; sometimes there were more outside than in: souls got converted, so that in a little time the society was increased to more than threefold; and all originated with old Mrs. C——— running away as if her clothes were on fire.” On one occasion when preaching at Low Row,

two individuals, notorious for sleeping during service, fell into their accustomed slumbers whilst Hodgson was preaching. Greatly put about by such conduct, he took the bible into his hand, and holding it up in a threatening attitude, declared that he would throw it at the head of the first man that went to sleep. The intimation proved sufficient to keep the sleepers awake ever afterwards. As he was returning one night to Reeth he met a drunken man upon the bridge who accosted him by saying "Hillo, mester, where'st going?" "To heaven," replied Casson, "to be sure." "Thou'l be late, I think," replied the man, whose ready, though not very reverent retort, silenced Hodgson for the moment. One remarkable instance of his singular mode of getting hold of sinners occurred when he travelled in this circuit. We take the narrative of facts from Steele's interesting Memoirs of Rev. H. Casson:—

"On a fine Sabbath morning in Spring, 1826, he was on his way to Hipswell, a small country village not far from Richmond, to attend his regular appointment along with one of his zealous supporters, who not unfrequently accompanied him on such occasions. As they were proceeding on their way, they came up to a number of young men who were playing a game

at cricket in a field adjoining the high road, with their coats and hats off, thrown on a heap within the gates. Shocked by this unblushing defiance of law, both human and divine, Mr. C. entered the field, and proceeding to the heap, took up an old hat and coat, calling out to the daring violators of the sanctity of God's holy day,—‘Lad's, don't you know that this is the Sabbath day?’ The owner of the hat and coat, aroused by his interference with their sports, responded, by taking up a stone, and warning the bold re-prover, that if he did not immediately lay down those clothes, he would let it fly at his head. Mr. Casson's friend advised him to be cautious how he meddled with that man, as he was a chimney-sweep, and one of the most dangerous characters in the place. He was not intimidated, but resolutely refused to give the man his hat and coat, unless he would promise to come to the Methodist chapel that night. It was not difficult for an open violator of God's law, to break one commandment more than another; so that he accepted the proposed condition, though without the slightest intention of performing it. The clothes were restored with this solemn admonition, ‘Now, remember you have promised to attend the Methodist chapel, and if you do not, I will meet you at the bar of God.’ This went like a dagger to his heart, and he returned to his habitation truly miserable.”

The narrative goes on to describe how he kept his promise amidst desperate struggles of shame and pride, how he went and heard Mr. Casson the same night, was convinced and ultimately led to give his heart to God, and to join his people; how he became a

consistent member of society, a leader, and also a local preacher; and when the memoir was published in 1856, he was still on his way to heaven. Nine years have elapsed since that time and we have pleasure in recording that he is still in the land of the living, and with his face Zionward. The individual in question is Mr. Daniel Race of Richmond, a respectable master chimney-sweep, a useful leader and local preacher of the Wesleyan Methodist society in that town. Providence has elevated him to a position of considerable respectability, and God has enabled him by his grace so to live the forty years of his Christian pilgrimage as to be esteemed by all who know him.

Reeth has been at the head of the circuit for a considerable number of years. The circuit itself, comprising Swaledale and Arkengarthdale, has undergone various modifications. In the first days of Methodism it was included in the Leeds circuit. In 1757, it, along with a large extent of the surrounding country, was formed into the Dales circuit with Barnard Castle for its head. In 1774, Thirsk was made into a Circuit town and embraced within its boundaries these two dales. In 1795, Mid-

dleham was created a circuit, and this district placed in connection with it, which continued until the year 1807, when Reeth was made the head of the Circuit for one year only, and then was joined to Richmond under the title of the Richmond Circuit, which continued until 1819, when it was called the Richmond and Reeth Circuit, and in 1846 Reeth again stood alone, and has done so ever since. These changes will be seen more distinctly in the list of preachers who have laboured on this ground, which we give elsewhere.*

The following individuals were members of society in Reeth in 1797. The leaders at the time were John Stubbs and James Peacock.

JOHN STUBBS, LEADER.

Leonard Hudson, *m.*, Jane Hudson, *m.*, Elizth. White, *m.*, Mary Peacock, *m.*, Elizth. Blenkiron, *m.*, Wm. Wilson, *m.*, Robt. Cook, *m.*, Jane Peacock, *w.*, Thos. Coates, John Bradbury, *m.*, Elizth. Bradbury, *m.*, Geo. Jackson, *m.*, Wm. Jackson, *m.*, Jemih.

* In the Middleham old Circuit Book for 1807, there is an insertion by the Superintendent minister to the following effect; "The numbers in this Circuit before divided 956. Left in Middleham Circuit 398, Members left to Reeth Circuit, 548, which leaves Reeth Circuit 150 members more than Middleham." And then, as if to relieve his mind from the discouragement which he felt, he writes; "The Lord help us, and increase our numbers.
—J. P."

Langstaff, *m.*, Geo. Jackson, *m.*, John Kendal, *s.*, Mary Spence, *m.*, Elizth. Jackson, *m.*, Hanh. Blenkiron, *s.*

JAMES PEACOCK, LEADER.

Isabella Milner, Margt. Milner, Michl. Pratt, *m.*, Elizth. Hutchinson, Elizth White, *s.*, Sarah Coates, *m.*, Reuben Foster, *s.*, Sarah Hudson, *w.*, Jno. Langstaff, *m.*, John Blenkiron, *m.*, Thos. Simpson, *m.*, John Spence, *m.*, Thos. Severs, *m.*, Elizth. Severs, *m.*, John Alderson, *m.*, Ann Smith, *m.*, Barbara Kendal, Ann Alderson, *m.*—Total 39.

GUNNERSIDE.

There is no place in these dales where Methodism gained an easier entrance or found a more fruitful soil than it did in the village of Gunnerside. At an early period it obtained a firm and extensive hold upon the population and has kept it to this day. Numerically the Gunnerside society has always had the pre-eminence, outstripping by far every other place, including Middleham, Richmond, Bedale, and at the present time, out of a total of upwards of 600, it counts above a third of that number. The circumstances attending its origin and formation are lost in the dim obscurity of the past, or buried in the graves of those who took an active part therein. None are now living who were contemporaries

with its first members. Every year that rolls away breaks the few remaining links which connect the present with the past. Many precious memories and interesting facts are dying away with the few patriarchs in the Connexion. Methodism will soon have not an individual left who saw the face or heard the voice of its laborious founder. On this account the writer feels that he is doing a good work in catching hold of incidents from the lips of aged members before they depart also. The exceeding fewness of their number renders the task he has taken in hand much more difficult. Had he lived here when scores of old members were living their memories and experience would have supplied him with more plentiful materials.

As far as Gunnerside is concerned, there is no doubt about it being at first connected with Blades and Low Row, to which places its members resorted to meet in class and to hear the gospel preached, its contributions and numbers being reported under the general heading of Swaledale. There is no question but that the tree of Methodism took root in this village above a hundred years ago, and has brought forth fruit at one time "thirty," at another time

“sixty,” and very often a “hundred fold.” After being connected with what is considered the parent church at Low Row, it became a society of itself including members from Muker, Keld, Ivelet and other places, and we have heard of one devoted and faithful woman who used to cross the dreary mountains from Askrigg to meet in class at Gunnerside. The cause continued to prosper until we find some ten or fifteen years after the time of its commencement that the society numbered upwards of a hundred members. This extensive flock was placed under the shepherdly care of six faithful and godly leaders, viz., William Buxton, Thomas Buxton, Alice Buxton, Joseph Sunter, William Reynoldson, and John Kirton. In a few pages farther on the reader will find the names of all the members about seventy years ago. Mr. William Buxton was one of the first Methodists in Gunnerside; he was brought in early life under the awakening power of God’s word; his convictions were so strong, and his sorrow for sin so great that his parents and friends apprehended he was hurrying into mental derangement. Whilst under these religious struggles his

with its first members. Every year that rolls away breaks the few remaining links which connect the present with the past. Many precious memories and interesting facts are dying away with the few patriarchs in the Connexion. Methodism will soon have not an individual left who saw the face or heard the voice of its laborious founder. On this account the writer feels that he is doing a good work in catching hold of incidents from the lips of aged members before they depart also. The exceeding fewness of their number renders the task he has taken in hand much more difficult. Had he lived here when scores of old members were living their memories and experience would have supplied him with more plentiful materials.

As far as Gunnerside is concerned, there is no doubt about it being at first connected with Blades and Low Row, to which places its members resorted to meet in class and to hear the gospel preached, its contributions and numbers being reported under the general heading of Swaledale. There is no question but that the tree of Methodism took root in this village above a hundred years ago, and has brought forth fruit at one time "thirty," at another time

“sixty,” and very often a “hundred fold.” After being connected with what is considered the parent church at Low Row, it became a society of itself including members from Muker, Keld, Ivellet and other places, and we have heard of one devoted and faithful woman who used to cross the dreary mountains from Askrigg to meet in class at Gunnerside. The cause continued to prosper until we find some ten or fifteen years after the time of its commencement that the society numbered upwards of a hundred members. This extensive flock was placed under the shepherdly care of six faithful and godly leaders, viz., William Buxton, Thomas Buxton, Alice Buxton, Joseph Sunter, William Reynoldson, and John Kirton. In a few pages farther on the reader will find the names of all the members about seventy years ago. Mr. William Buxton was one of the first Methodists in Gunnerside; he was brought in early life under the awakening power of God’s word; his convictions were so strong, and his sorrow for sin so great that his parents and friends apprehended he was hurrying into mental derangement. Whilst under these religious struggles his

father took him up to the clergyman at Muker, but from what is intimated in another place, that individual was not a likely person to give any relief to the burdened soul of the poor young penitent, and they came back no better than they went. The deep distress of the poor lad led him to retire into the fields and woods to cry for mercy, which at length he found and rejoiced in the God of his salvation. For about half a century he walked with God, and maintained a spotless reputation to the last. He filled the offices of leader and local preacher with great efficiency, and was beloved and esteemed by all around. His neat and clean appearance, his devout and christian spirit, together with his zealous and useful labours, have combined to invest his name with hallowed recollections. One incident in his life is worth preserving. At one time the cause was so low, and quarreling and strife so painfully prevailed in the society that the chapel was almost forsaken. Mr. Buxton was filled with deep sorrow on account of these things, and believing that God would have mercy upon them and visit them again, he gave himself to special prayer upon the matter. Night after night he

repaired to the chapel with his lantern to pray without any one to join him, which practice he kept up for some time, and soon after God sent such a revival as they had never seen before, the power and effect of which went through the whole dale, and resulted in between 300 and 400 members being added to the circuit. This took place about forty years ago. Another excellent man amongst the leaders was a Mr. Joseph Sunter, grandfather of Mr. William Sunter, local preacher. For many years he was a faithful chapel Steward and Trustee, and, along with his good wife, was a warm hearted supporter of Methodism in Gunnerside. At the house of this godly couple the preachers first made their home on their periodical visits to the village. A little parlour was set apart for their use, upon the hob of which the old lady used to place the teapot, and with a good supply of bread and cheese upon the table, she left them to make themselves as comfortable as they desired. No doubt many a bright thought and holy purpose has been formed, and many an earnest prayer has been offered in that prophet's chamber. Doubtless the other leaders were deserving of commendation for their zeal and usefulness,

but they are all now before the throne, where the approval of Him whom they endeavoured to serve is their perpetual reward. It was by such men that the infant cause was fostered and sustained, and to their prayers and efforts its prosperity and progress may be instrumentally ascribed.

The first sermon ever preached by a Methodist in Gunnerside was delivered out of doors on the west side of the Beck, near to the house now occupied by Mr. Michael Calvert, but who the preacher was is not known. The first house in which divine service was conducted was Deborah Wag-gott's, now in the occupation of Mr. Leonard Metcalf; and afterwards in the one in which Mr. John Brunskill now resides. From the number of members in society at the time it was evident that a larger place of worship was urgently required. Accordingly, sometime about 1788, a movement was set on foot to obtain one, but circumstances apparently made against them, for not only were the mines in a very poor state, but provisions were unusually dear, flour being seven shillings a stone, and other things expensive also. Notwithstanding, the project of building a

chapel was formed and carried out. One of the principal promoters of it was a Mr. James Spensley, of Gunnerside, who gave £20, also Mr. Wm. Woodward who gave another £20, which were considered large and liberal contributions in that day. Others gave £10, and others £5 each. One instance of self-denying zeal is remembered in connection with a George Reynoldson, a warm hearted Methodist. George had been attending a meeting one night held for the purpose of raising subscriptions, and was met on returning by his wife who enquired how much had been raised, saying at the same time that he had not much to give; to which he replied, "O, I have promised them £5." When it is recollect ed that he and his son were only getting some three or four shillings a week, and provisions at such a high price, this will appear a noble free-will offering.* Contributions

* Since writing the above we have ascertained the following interesting fact connected with the erection of the chapel. Mr. Wm. Buxton felt his mind drawn out to obtain a place of worship in the village, and set to work to accomplish his desires. An estimate was drawn up, a Committee formed, and subscriptions promised; but after all their exertions they found themselves £50 deficient of the sum required. After pondering, and no doubt praying over this difficulty, Mr. Buxton and four others agreed amongst themselves to work a "bye bargain" as

of personal labour were also made ; some assisted in digging the foundation, others in getting stone for the building, whilst others served the masons in their work. As far as their ability went they gave liberally, and concerning their labour it may be truly said, as when they built the walls of Jerusalem, "the people had a mind to work."

it is called, viz., to work overwork at a certain mine and give the proceeds to the chapel. After toiling at this undertaking and finding nothing, four of them became discouraged and relinquished their efforts, leaving Mr. Buxton alone. He continued for some time longer with the same result, until one day whilst in the mine, he laid aside his tools and fell upon his knees, and poured out his soul to God in prayer, and promised the Lord that if he would direct him to where the lead ore might be found he would dedicate it to the assistance required in building his house. After this he resumed his labours, and not many hours passed before he received a striking answer to his prayer. A vein was reached containing a large quantity of metal, which he continued to work unknown to any one. The Committee were called together and told that they were to begin immediately as the sum wanting would be forthcoming, for which he would be responsible. The amount realised not only helped them out of their difficulties, but left a considerable sum in the pockets of the finder. The Gunnerside society has always taken its share in bearing the burdens of the Circuit. At one time when Barnard Castle was in difficulties this village came to their assistance, which led them to call it "Golden Gunnerside." In another place we have stated that no instance of persecution had been heard of in this neighbourhood ; we have since been informed that about the time the chapel was being built a good woman was converted, who, along with some others, met in a house above the village to hold prayer meetings, that her ungodly brother was so exasperated and furious in his persecution that he followed her up the hill, seized her by the heels and dragged her to the bottom.

The ground upon which the chapel stands was obtained of a Mr. John Raw, a Quaker, who lived at Reeth; it was completed, as the stone in the front declares, Anno Domini, 1789; and was conveyed in trust to Mr. John Birkbeck and Mr. Joseph Sunter. It had no gallery at first, but one was put in about fifteen or twenty years afterwards. The interior presents a most singular appearance, the largeness of the congregation and the inconvenience of accommodation, renders a new chapel absolutely necessary. A large burial ground is connected with it in which many of the pious dead are buried, the first who found a resting place therein being Rowland Thompson, a zealous local preacher who was interred Dec. 10th, 1812. A considerable piece of ground was presented some time ago for the purpose of enlargement, by Mr. Ralph Milner, of Reeth. Mr. Milner's father was a real old Methodist who loved the cause of God, and did his best to help it forwards. He was the originator of the Sabbath School, and for some time laboured almost alone in the work, until others seeing his zeal and perseverance rallied round him, and rendered him assistance. He met with a melancholy end,

being drowned in the resistless waters of the Swale while attempting to cross on horseback.

No instance of persecution that we have heard of, ever occurred in this place. It is said, however, that a company of gay and frolicsome young hunters once met old Philip Hardcastle, one of the travelling preachers, near Rowleth wood, and knowing him to be fond of a joke as well as being a good singer, they surrounded him, and declared that they would not allow him to proceed until he had sung them the "Huntsman's Chorus." The good old man, though humorous, was a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, while appearing to comply with their request, he sung to them not of the winding horn, but the blast of the angel's trumpet on the day of Judgment, which produced it is hoped a salutary effect upon their hearts.

Names of the leaders and members in Gunnerside in 1796.—

WILLIAM BUXTON, LEADER.

Ralph Harker, *m.*, Hanh. Harker, *m.*, Margt. Calvert, *w.*, Alice Brodle, *s.*, Mary Walker, *w.*, Ralph Milner, *m.*, James Holmes, *m.*, Elizth. Holmes, *m.*, Ann

Calvert, *w.*, Dorothy Makepeace, *m.*, Geo. Peacock, and Jno. Tiplady.

WM. REYNOLDSON, LEADER.

Mary Reynoldson, *m.*, Geo. Reynoldson, *w.*, James Fryer, *m.*, Margt. Fryer, *m.*, Thos. Wagget, *s.*, Margt. Smithson, *m.*, Simon Harker, *w.*, Elizth. Gill, *w.*, Joseph Alderson, *m.*, Hanh. Alderson, *m.*, Timothy Hunt, *m.*, Mary Hunt, *m.*, Matthew Cooper, *m.*, Mary Cooper, *m.*, Sarah Harker, *m.*, Ant. Milner, *m.*, Ann Peacock, *w.*, Geo. Peacock, *m.*, Jas. Croft, *m.*, Robt. Harker, *m.*, Rose Harker, *m.*, Geo. Hugill, *m.*, Thos. Smithson, *w.*, Alice Waller, Jonathan Dakin, Christopher Coates, Mary Hugill, and Eleanor Hillery.

JOSEPH SUNTER, LEADER.]

Elizth. Lockey, *w.*, Jane Hunt, *w.*, John White, (dead) *m.*, Wm. Woodward, (dead) *m.*, Mary White, *w.*, Jas. Pratt, *w.*, Wm. Reynoldson, *m.*, George Reynoldson, (dead) *m.*, Dorothy Reynoldson, *m.*, Saml. Reynoldson, *m.*, Jane Reynoldson, *m.*, Geo. Raw, *m.*, Mary Raw, *m.*, Elizth. Bell, *w.*, Mary Spensley, *s.*, and Dorothy Pratt, *m.*

THOMAS BUXTON, LEADER.

Jane Buxton, *m.*, Joseph Buxton, *m.*, Mary Buxton, *m.*, Ralph Harker, *m.*, Jas. Smith, *m.*, Mary Harker, *s.*, Elizth. Storey, *w.*, David Milner, *w.*, and Elizth. Busfield. *s.*

JOHN KEARTON, LEADER.

Isabel Sunter, *m.*, Rolly Thompson, *s.*, Ant. Pratt, *m.*, Ruth Harker, *w.*, Barnard Lockey *s.*, Ezra Bell, *s.*, Ruth Raw, *w.*, Joseph Dakin, *s.*, Thos. Sunter, *s.*

Jane Thompson, *w.*, Mary Bell, *m.*, Thos. Milner, *m.*, Mary Milner, *m.*, Metcalf Dakin, *s.*, and Ann Pratt, *s.*

ALICE BUXTON, LEADER.

Elizth. Fryer, *s.*, Mary Raw, *s.*, Elizth. Pratt, *s.*, Elizth. Harker, *s.*, Mary Waggett, *s.*, Margt. Holmes, *s.*, Jane Coates, *s.*, Jane Kerton, *s.*, Elizth. Story, *s.*, Mary Walker, *s.*, Mary Bell, *s.* Ann Wharton, *s.*, Ruth Walker, *s.*, Mary Harker, *s.*, Ann Close, *s.*, Isabel Milner, *s.*—Total 102.

HEALAUGH.

METHODISM in this village is not of an ancient date, although we find in the Circuit Book an item amongst the quarterly payments of 3s. from Healaugh in 1798, and a few similar amounts at irregular intervals afterwards, but no distinct return of the members of society is on record. Most likely they would be identified with Reeth or Low Row. Sixty years ago two Methodists resided in the place, viz., James Hird and his wife, who were old people at the time, and probably were amongst the very first who joined the society, but finding reproach and contempt so constantly heaped upon them by the inhabitants, they left the village and went to live at Reeth. This conduct towards the good old couple is in perfect

keeping with the superstition and ignorance which it is said they manifested some years previously. With the name of Mr. Wesley they had been accustomed to associate the idea of witchcraft, and that he possessed a power to injure whom he would by casting an evil eye upon them. When he journeyed from Low Row to Richmond he of course had to pass through Healaugh, and when the villagers heard of his approach they ran into their houses in terror lest the glance of his eye should exercise some malign influence upon them, some a little more curious than the rest ventured to peep round the corners to catch a sight of him. Old John Hugill, a good old Wesleyan, who died some years ago, used to say he distinctly remembered that when he was a boy Mr. Wesley's presence in the dale excited as much terror amongst many persons as if some wild beast or evil spirit were roaming up and down the neighbourhood: that one day he and two other youths were playing about Scabba Wath when they heard of his approach, and immediately took to their heels to hide themselves behind the hedge. After waiting in suspense awhile they saw him coming riding down the lane accompanied by two

others, and were struck with awe and admiration when, instead of beholding a demon which they imagined, they beheld his white hair, his comely person, and venerable appearance. After the departure of James Hird and his wife the place had no members in it for some time afterwards. Preaching, however, was introduced which was held in private houses until 1821, when the old chapel was built, and continued there until 1843, when the present place of worship was erected. The society has partaken of the changes which are incident to this dale, the members being at the present time forty. Two years ago they suffered a great loss in the death of an excellent and useful local preacher, Mr. John Peacock, a short account of whose life and character may be found in the "Wesleyan Magazine" for April, 1864. After a protracted affliction he died in the full confidence of faith and hope. To some friends who were expressing their sympathy and sorrow whilst beholding his final struggles, he said, "Don't call me poor; I am rich in faith, an heir of glory; and I am going to a crown."

ARKENGARTHDALE.

RUNNING nearly due north from Reeth is the narrow valley of Arkengarthdale, along which flows a small stream called the Arkle which empties itself into the river Swale near Grinton. This valley is about six miles long and enclosed between huge hills some of which are cultivated to their summits, but the principal part are covered with moorland wastes. In the summer these hills present a bold and picturesque appearance, but in winter they are desolate and dreary in the extreme. Within their interior rich mines of lead ore have been discovered which have been worked as far back, it is said, as the time of king John. Higher up the dale the scenery is striking and rugged. Standing upon some of the mountain elevations the beholder is enabled to command a sweep of vision up and down the valley of a most imposing character. Beetling rocks and deep ravines, frowning hills covered with the sombre garbs of gorse and ling; these are relieved by the beautiful green fields and farmsteads which stud the dale in various parts. While looking on some of these scenes we are reminded of Sir Walter Scott's lines—

“But, westward, Stanmore’s shapeless swell,
And Lunedale wild, and Kelton Fell,
And rock begirdled Gilmanscar,
And Arkengarth, lay dark afar.”

In ancient times this district seems to have supplied its lordly owners with abundance of sport both in flood and field. But it appears that a celebrated poacher one Allen of the Dale, in defiance of the law, largely shared the produce of the woods and streams, at least so the poet sings,—

“The baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And views his domain upon Arkindale side;
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame,
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-o-Dale.”

The population which is not large, reside chiefly at Langthwaite, Arkletown, Booze, Eskleth, Whaw, and Seal Houses, and are principally employed in the lead mines.

Methodism found its way into this dale at an early date. Being situate between Swaledale and Barnard Castle, the zealous men who first missioned both those localities embraced this valley also in their labours. Hence we find Arkendale mentioned as forming a part of the Dales Circuit as early as 1757. In 1760 it returned fourteen members, and sent five shillings

to the Quarter board. The road from Blades to Barnard Castle lying directly across this dale Mr. Wesley would pass through it several times on his journeys from the former to the latter place, but we have no evidence that he ever visited or preached in any part of it. The first place where divine worship was held, as far as can be ascertained, was in a room belonging to the house of a Mr. Edmund Alderson of Eskeleth, who was one of the first Methodists in these parts, and who generously opened his doors to welcome and entertain the first messengers of mercy. After allowing his dwelling-house to be so used for some time, he at length set apart one room in the building for a preaching place, and fitted it up at his own expense. It had a gallery, pulpit, and sitting accommodations as complete as possible, which the public were allowed gratuitously to use, excepting an elderly individual from Booze called Old Hodgson who used to carry a “crocket” with him for the double purpose probably of sitting down on the way to rest himself, as well as being able to sit in the chapel where it best suited his convenience. The preachers were accommodated under the same roof, and afterwards ninepence

each visit was allowed from the Quarter day for both man and horse. The building referred to is now in the occupation of a great grand-son of good old "Emmy," as he was generally called. Edmund Alderson was a man of a cheerful and pleasant disposition, and possessed a meek and quiet spirit. His heart was warm in its attachment to God's cause, and his hand was ever ready to help in the time of need. His life was equally consistent, upright and sincere. He has left behind him a name which is remembered with veneration and love. He lived to a good old age, and died Sept. 7th, 1804, aged eighty years. Other branches of his family appear to have been connected with the society for we find down in the same class paper the names of Jane, George, and Elizabeth Alderson. For a considerable number of years the services were conducted in this humble sanctuary whither resorted worshippers from the nooks and gills and scattered hamlets of the dale. The voice of many an old and stirring preacher has rung within its walls, and no doubt many souls now in heaven look down upon that lowly building as their spiritual birthplace; and although it has ceased to be employed in

such a sacred service, yet from what we can gather of its past history, "The Lord shall count when he writeth up the people that this and that man was born there." Within a few yards of this old room an attempt was made to build what is called a Kilhamite chapel, but it was never completed, and is now used as a dwellinghouse. Later on a place of worship was erected by the followers of Joseph Barker, but it also has fallen into disuse, or nearly so. It is rather singular that the three great movements against Methodism should have so much in the first syllable of their names expressive of their antagonism, *Kilhamites*, *Warrenites*, and *Barkerites*; and it is regrettable that in so small and quiet a corner of the world the divided sentiments of a few should ever have embodied themselves in the forms they have assumed. After leaving this place preaching was held in the long room belonging to the C. B. Public-House, and also in the house of a Jonathan Collings, and occasionally in a barn at Langthwaite Bottoms; in the latter place Miss Mary Barritt preached when visiting this dale. We find that the numbers in society greatly fluctuated as they do at the

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present time, occasioned in part by the productiveness or failure of the mines in the locality. In 1797, the year before the chapel was built, the total number in the dale, including Seal Houses, was eighty-two, we give a list of their names elsewhere.

The extent of ground which Methodism by this time had gained warranted the erection of a place of worship of larger dimensions than had been previously used. An attempt was made to build a chapel upon the common at Rigg End, just above the New Yard, and near to where the guide-post stands. Considerable progress was made, when Colonel Sleigh the lord of the manor one day rode past and seeing the building enquired what it was, and on being informed that it was a Methodist chapel he ordered it to be immediately taken down, and as it had been built without consent, his orders were immediately complied with. The ground work and part of the foundation continue as they were left nearly seventy years ago. But the men of that day were not to be defeated in their designs; the Lord of Hosts whom they served, and for whose worship they desired to erect a house, was greater than all the lords of the manors in the world;

so having no doubt sought his counsel and blessing, they set to work and obtained a site which has proved one of the most convenient that could have been found, far more so than the one from which they had been driven. The ground was purchased of a Mr. John Galloway of Reeth, for the sum of £5 5s.; the Deeds bear date, Oct. 16th, 1798, and the following individuals were the first trustees, viz., John Stubbs; George Alderson; John Harker of Bows; Wm. Martin; Ant. Wensley; Robt. Greaves, and John Harker of Sturtford Hall. We can gather no particulars about the persons who were its principal contributors, or about its opening services. It is the same externally in size and appearance as at first; internally it has undergone several improvements. Many a stirring revival has been witnessed in this place from time to time, in which great numbers have professed to receive the pardon of their sins. The financial doings of the society were formerly not large. In 1766, the whole of Arkendale sent to the Quarter board the sum of 5s.; two years later it rose to 11s. 6d.; for the next twenty years it varied scarcely anything beyond 17s.6d., and in 1800 it got up to £1 10s. Arkengarthdale

has not been without a representative in the ministerial ranks of Methodism. An interesting and promising young man named Jonathan Siddle entered the ministry in the year 1828, and after a brief course of service was called to his reward in 1830. The following is the Conference record :—

“Jonathan Siddle, who was called into our Itinerant work early in the year 1828, but was obliged from want of health to return home in December last. He was a young man of great piety and promise. During his affliction his mind was kept in peace, and in resignation to the will of God. He died triumphantly on June 8th, 1830.”

It cannot but have struck the reader how brief, but how bright, were the ministerial careers of these Swaledale and Arkendale young preachers. It was doubtless in their hearts to labour long in the work they loved, but God said “it is enough that it was in thine heart to do it.”

At an early date a small but distinct society was formed at Seal Houses, at what precise period we are not able to state. We find in March 1805 the society appears for the first time in the Circuit book in its own name with 5s. down as its quarterly payment. Two years before this (1803) the class consisted of the following members :—

WILLIAM MARTIN, LEADER.

Elizabeth Martin, John Martin, Edmund Alderson, Jane Alderson, Lancelot Atkinson, Charles Atkinson, and Thos. Potter.

The brief but solemn intimation of "Dead" stands written against the name of Edmund Alderson, and not long after the leader followed him into the spirit world. It is said that a Mrs. Atkinson, who was one of the first members in the dale, used to go as far as from Kitley hill to Startforth to meet in class, a distance of nine or ten miles. For some years preaching was held in a house which was formerly the home-stead of the Martin family, and stood within a few yards of their present dwelling, but has since been taken down. Somewhere about fifty-seven years ago the old thatched chapel was built a few hundred yards to the west of the building just named. It was a very humble temple of the Lord indeed, but one in which He deigned frequently to display his power and glory in an extraordinary manner. Its situation was a type of the exalted blessings which its worshippers enjoyed, whilst for which not a few have remarked that the lower position of its successor resembles the lesser influence which has been vouchsafed

since its erection. Whether this is so or not it is not for us to say, but we trust the day will come when the old lines will be sung by a revived and rejoicing people:—

Ye hills and ye dales with praises abound,
Ye mountains and vales continue the sound,
Break forth into singing ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.

The following are the names of those who were members in Arkendale in 1797.

JOHN HARKER, LEADER.

Mary Harker, *m.*, Christa. Alderson, *m.*, John Dol-phin, *w.*, Margt. Hodgson, *m.*, Abm. Stones, *m.*, Jane Stones, *m.*, John Garbutt, *m.*, John Mood, Robt. Greaves, *m.*, Elizabeth Greaves, *m.*, John Coates, *w.*, Jas. Plaits, *m.*, Nathan Croft, *m.*, David Race, *m.*, Hanh. Whitehead, *m.*, Josph Harker, *m.*, Wm. Garbutt, *m.*, John Harker, *m.*, and Ann Harker, *m.*

WM. MARTIN, LEADER.

Elizth. Martin, *m.*, Elizth. Brown, *s.*, Alice Brown, *s.*, Martha Smith, *m.*, Jane Alderson, *m.*, Margt. Collins, *m.*, Chas. Atkinson, *s.*, John Hillary, *s.*, John Martin, *s.*, Lanct. Atkinson, *s.*, Thos. Hillary, *m.*, and Hanh. Hillary, *m.*

GEO. ALDERSON, LEADER.

Elizth. Alderson, *m.*, Edmund Alderson, *m.*, Sarah Hall, *w.*, Ann Hall, *w.*, Mary Gill, *w.*, Ann Chalder, *s.*, Ellen Alderson, *s.*, Thos. Collins, *m.*, John Collins, *m.*,

Cathrn. Whitehead, *w.*, Jonthn. Collins, *m.*, Thos. Reynoldson, *m.*, Mary Reynoldson, *m.*, Ruth Wensley, *w.*, Betty Alderson, *s.*, Thos. Jackson, *m.*, Jane Alderson, *s.*, Thos. Peacock, *m.*, and Simon Harker, *m.*

ANTY. WENSLEY, LEADER.

Geo. Wensley., *s.*, Alice Collins, *s.*, John Alcock, *s.*, Ruth Alcock, *w.*, Chas. Rain, *w.* Geo. Metcalf, *m.*, Andrew Slack, *s.*, Thos. Plaits, *m.*, Jas. Hall, *s.*, Elizth. Popper, *w.*, Math. Popper, *w.*, Jas. Mood, *s.*, and Nanny Liddle, *m.*

JOSEPH GILL, LEADER.

Ann Wensley, *m.*, Anty. Wensley, *w.*, Braithwaite Hilton, *s.*, John Hodgson, *m.*, Mary Tweedale, *s.*, Geo. Alderson, *s.*, Amelia Whitehead, *m.*, Hanh. Woodall, *w.*, Alice Morley, *m.*, John Hall., *m.*, Margt. Hall, *m.*, Mary Woodall, *s.*, Geo. Alderson, *s.*, and Ann Croft, *m.*—Total 82.

The society at KELD is of recent formation, and has been greatly affected by the migration of individuals occasioned by the lack of occupation in the neighbourhood.

A class existed at MUKER sixty or seventy years ago consisting of seventeen members, which in 1807 sent 12s. to the Quarter board. The following are the names of the members:—

WM. SPENSLEY, LEADER.

Sarah Spensley, R. Calvert, Ann Calvert, Jno. Cottingham, M. Harker, Jno. Clarkson, Mary Clarkson,

Hanh. Harker, Jas. Calvert, E. Preston, Ann Ewbank, Margt. Eel, Thos. Alderson, and Joseph Coates.

Methodism for many years has had a few representatives at MARRICK, but nothing worthy of note has transpired there.

The HURST society is of an older date but in its earlier existence was reckoned as a part of the Reeth church. Some members must have lived about there in Mr. Wesley's days, as we are told that a company of them met him at the four lane ends on his way to Richmond riding on a white horse. About fifty-five years ago, Mr. James Fowler of Reeth along with a young man named Mark Hodgson, were the first to conduct anything like religious services in the village, a class was formed which was led for a long time by Mr. James Harker of Reeth. One of the first members was a Mr. W. Cleminson, who became a zealous and useful local preacher, and died universally respected. The young man Mark Hodgson, just named, soon afterward lost his religion, enlisted into the army, and was sent with his regiment (the 34th Infantry) into battle against Napoleon Bonaparte, and being a front rank man he was killed the very first charge. The

chapel was erected in 1815, and nothing has taken place since of any note.

For a long time Methodism hovered around the pretty little village of MARSKE, but owing to the influence of the Hutton family it gained no footing there until about twenty-one years ago, when Mr. John Bradbury of Reeth preached the first sermon, and soon afterwards a class was formed which has continued ever since. Prior to this a few members lived in the neighbourhood, and service was occasionally held at Skelton. The objections of the eccentric old squire, John Hutton, having in some measure softened down, and preaching being regularly conducted, the clergyman waited upon him to request him to forbid them, when he replied, "let them alone; there's enough for both parties to do," and if he wanted to get them out he must pray them out.* One good and upright Methodist lived in the village of the name of William Coates, whose character and life stood so high in the estimation of all around that it was a common saying, "if there ever was a good man and a true

* Some have said it was Timothy, John's brother, who used these words.

christian Willie Coates was one." He was steady and firm to his principles which sometimes brought upon him reproach and persecution. On one occasion his steadfastness was put to the test in the following way. The old squire was accustomed to give a treat to his servants on his birthday, at which there was dancing and singing and other worldly amusements. William was a mason and employed on the estate, and therefore expected to be present. In his younger days he had been fond of dancing which his master knew. On the occasion alluded to he ordered William to join the dance, the latter refused: the squire replied that if he persisted in refusing he should have no more work, and he might fetch away his tools as soon as he liked. True to his principles the next morning Willie gathered up his tools and was departing from the place, when the squire met him and said, "What are you doing, Willie?" "As you ordered me, sir," replied the good man. "Get back to your work," said his queer but good natured old master, who thought more highly than ever of his faithful servant, and assured him that he should never want a day's work so long as he lived. We cannot

refrain from mentioning a circumstance which took place at his death, which produced a considerable amount of excitement in the neighbourhood at the time. Soon after he had breathed his last, a party went to lay him out, they had scarcely commenced their operations when they were startled by hearing strains of soft sweet music in different parts of the room. One of the party present was a thorough unbeliever in supernatural appearances, and declared it was a trick of the Methodists which he was resolved to find out. After trying to discover the source whence it came for some time, he failed in his attempt, and admitted that it was an undoubted and most extraordinary affair. The Rev. Thos. Savage was in this Circuit at the time, and preached his funeral sermon in a farm house at Skelton, on which occasion he related an incident with which he was personally connected, suggested probably by the event just named. The particulars were communicated in a letter which was published many years ago in the Wesleyan Magazine as follows:—

“A sister being married to a gentleman in the army, we received intelligence that the regiment to

which he belonged had orders for one of the Spanish Islands, (Minorca.) One night about ten o'clock, as his wife, elder sister, and myself, were sitting in a back room, the shutters were closed, bolted, and barred, the yard door locked, when suddenly a light shone through the window and illuminated the room we sat in; we looked startled, and beheld the spirit of a murdered brother; his eye was fixed on his wife and child alternately; he waved his hand, smiled, continued about half-a-minute, then vanished from our sight. The moment before the spirit disappeared my sister cried, 'he's dead! he's dead!' and fainted away. Her little boy ran to his father, and wept because he would not stay. A short time after this we received a letter from the Colonel of the regiment sealed with black, bearing the doleful but expected news, that on such a night, (the same on which we saw his spirit) my brother-in-law was found weltering in his blood, the spark of life was not quite out, the last wish he was heard to breathe was to see his wife and child; it was granted him in a certain sense, for the very hour he died in Minorca that same hour his spirit appeared to his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself in Doncaster."

Mr. Savage in his letter states the deep and solemn effect which the event produced upon his own mind, and declares that a hundred people could testify that they mentioned what they had seen several weeks before the news arrived of their brother's death. These are strange and extraordinary things to believe, and yet the credibility of the witnesses, and the evi-

dence upon which the testimony rests seem equally as difficult to deny: we must however leave them believing that what we know not now we shall know hereafter. In the little Methodist garden at Marske there bloomed another beautiful and lovely flower, which was early plucked by the hand of death, we allude to Miss Martha Wilson whose personal appearance, cheerful spirit, and devoted piety rendered her an object of admiration and affection to all who knew her. She died in the faith of her crucified Lord, realizing eminently the Apostle's words "*For me to live is Christ and to die is gain.*" She passed away from the midst of her loving, admiring, and sorrowing friends at the early age of twenty-five years, on the 24th of January, 1859. An interesting sketch of this young lady's life and experience may be found in the "*Wesleyan Magazine*" for May 1861, by the Rev. W. Fern.

We have now completed the task of putting together in a collected form the scattered fragments of Methodist history which were found strewed over these dales. There will probably be some who will sneer at the attempt, and scornfully laugh at

both the book and its author. But we can afford to risk all that providing those whose edification has been principally aimed at be gratified and profited. Some will probably say, What can the writer, who has been so short a time upon the ground, know about the locality and the people? The book must speak for itself, and supply an answer to that question. The work of collecting the materials and putting them together, whilst involving a considerable amount of labour, has nevertheless been a pleasant exercise, and served to break the monotony and gloom of a winter which for discomfort and severity has scarcely been equalled for many years. The price also has been kept down as much as possible in order that it might be placed within the reach of all. The impression left upon the writer's mind after going through this undertaking is, that the tree of Methodism which took root in these parts above a hundred years ago, has in it sufficient sap to enable it to blossom and bear fruit as abundantly as ever. Why not? Its doctrines, discipline and principles are the same; the necessities of the people are the same, and the divine hand which planted it is still the same. It is

not so much in Methodism as in Methodists that defects and inefficiency are found. The machinery is as good as ever, if it were worked by more self-denying and zealous hands. The tree would bear more abundant fruit if it were pruned and much of its dead wood removed. Methodism in these dales in 1865 is like a well-built ship becalmed upon the ocean waiting for a heavenly breeze. It is far from being perfect, we claim not for it exemption from defect, but we do say, "Destroy it not, for there is a blessing in it." It includes amongst its present members many godly men and women whose lives do honour to their profession, and who prefer Jerusalem above their chief joy. It is the writer's strong conviction, notwithstanding the present aspect of things, that days of prosperity and times of refreshing will be vouchsafed to Methodism again in these dales before very long. Personal consecration to Christ who is head over all things unto his church, fidelity to the heritage which their fathers have left them, importunate prayer sustained by faith and consistency of life by those who offer it, and all crowned by a descent of the Holy Ghost, which is sure to follow, will thrill the val-

ley of dry bones with life, and "make the future to be as the past, and much more abundant." That it may be so is the writer's earnest prayer and desire.

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CHAPELS.

The following Schedule contains the date when each Chapel was built; the original cost, as near as can be ascertained; the amount of present debt; the names of the present Trustees, those dead are printed in italics; the date and terms of each last deed; and the number of members in society in March, 1865:—

Place.	When Built.	Orignl. Cost.	Prsnt. Debt.	Date of present Deed.	No. in Society 1865.	TRUSTEES.
		£.	£.			
REETH.....	1821	1000*	150	1852 Model.	95	Thos. Spensley, <i>Thos. Bell</i> , Jas. Alderson, Wm. Coates, Wm. Pratt, Matth. Woodward, and Jno. Dolphin.
GUNNERSIDE	1789	600	4	1852 Model.	197	Wm. Coates, H. Woodward, Chris. Sunter, R. Place, W. Pratt, W. Spensley, and T. Raw.
LOW ROW ..	1841	600	160	1852 Model.	115	Thos. Spensley, <i>W. Pratt</i> , R. Place, W. Martin, <i>J. Johnson</i> , John Close, and Matth. Woodward.
HEALAUGH ..	1843	200	None.	1852 Model.	41	Thos. Spensley, A. Thwaites, R. Place, J. Bradbury, W. Martin, and T. Raw.
MUKER	1845	130	13	1852 Model.	34	<i>J. Johnson</i> , <i>J. Calvert</i> , R. Johnson, H. Woodward, J. Spensley, W. Martin, and J. Bradbury.
KELD	1841	200	55	1852 Model.	14	S. Alderson, Chris. Taylor, <i>M. Calvert</i> , W. Coates, R. Place, W. Spensley, and Thos. Spensley.
ARKENDALE..	1798	400	40	Old Deed	60	<i>G. Alderson</i> , <i>Jonthn. Alderson</i> , R. Raisbeck, T. Brown, T. Martin, A. Alcock, M. Woodward, J. Martin, J. Wharton, and T. Raw.
WHAW.....	1840	200	60	1841 Model.	14	<i>G. Alderson</i> , <i>Jon. Alderson</i> , W. Martin, John Martin, Jon. Martin, Matth. Martin, T. Brown, A. Alcock, J. Siddle, <i>W. Kipling</i> , and M. Woodward.
HURST.....	1815	250	60	1852	16	J. Bradbury, J. Smith, Thos. Spensley, W. Martin, J. Martin, <i>Jonthn. Alderson</i> , Thos. Raw, <i>G. Alderson</i> , M. Woodward, J. Guy, Jas. Hodgson, and S. Harker.
Ministers' House including School Room				Model Deed.		Jno. Bradbury, Wm. Martin, W. Spensley, B. Blenkin, H. Woodward, <i>Geo. Alderson</i> , and Thos. Raw.
		£542				* This sum includes about £300 the cost of the House.
				662		— This includes several small places.

DAY & SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The work of Education has not been overlooked in these dales by the Wesleyan Methodists. For many years numbers of pious labourers have on the Sabbath Day consecrated their services to this department of holy toil, and many have been the evidences that their labour has not been in vain in the Lord. The Day Schools too have done much to benefit the juvenile population of the neighbourhood where they have been in operation. It has been a subject of frequent regret that the one which was conducted under the efficient care of Mr. Kirk in Reeth, should have been permitted to be discontinued. We give below a statistical summary of every place in the Circuit in 1865.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

	SCHOLARS.	TEACHERS.
Reeth - - - - -	150	40
Gunnerside - - - - -	166	61
Low Row - - - - -	178	41
Healaugh - - - - -	70	30
Muker - - - - -	50	9
Keld - - - - -	36	6
Arkendale - - - - -	100	30
Whaw - - - - -	13	4
Hurst - - - - -	73	32
Merrick - - - - -	25	3
<hr/>		
TOTALS - - - - -	861	256

From this it will appear that 861 children are under religious instruction in this Circuit, which is conducted at the total annual cost of about £34.

DAY SCHOOLS.

The two Day Schools are at Gunnerside and Low Row, the latter has been under the care of Mr. H. Grassby for the last five years, and the former has been in the charge of Mr. T. Ford for the last nine years, who has recently resigned, and has been succeeded by Mr. John Schorfield, the present master. Both are under Government inspection. We give a return of the scholars, &c., for each place:—

	SCHOLARS.
Gunnerside - - - - -	130
Low Row - - - - -	149

The total outlay of both Schools is £193, including Masters' salaries and all other expenses. It is right to state that whilst the friends of education in the circuit have done well in upholding their schools amidst considerable difficulties, others have not been wanting to render help, amongst which we may mention G. Robinson, Esq., of Richmond, who liberally contributed £100 towards the erection of Reeth School

Room, and besides being an annual contributor of £10 each to the Gunnerside and Low Row Day Schools, has in other ways generously given of his wealth to promote the cause of education and religion in these dales.

The following list contains the names of all the preachers who have laboured on this ground since 1765, just one hundred years. The Minutes of Conference do not contain any appointments prior to that date, but the Leeds Circuit at the first took in these dales, and in 1757 they were included in what was afterwards called the Dales Circuit, having Barnard Castle for the head.

WHEN IN THE DALES CIRCUIT.

- 1765 T. Rankin, J. Ellis, Jerh. Robertshaw,
- 1766 J. Rowell, J. Robertshaw, T. Halliday,
- 1767 Ditto W. Brammah, W. Hunter,
- 1768 R. Boardman, W. Hunter, J. Garnett, R. Bell,
- 1769 M. Lowes, Joseph Harper, Jas. Wiltam,
- 1770 J. Rowell, Lanct. Harrison, Christ. Watkins,
- 1771 Ditto J. Harper, W. Hunter,
- 1772 R. Swan, J. Watson, G. Mowat; Thos. Cherry,
Super.
- 1773 G. Storey, Christ. Watkins, M. F., (probably
Michael Fenwick.)

WHEN IN THE THIRSK CIRCUIT.

1774 Duncan Wright, Jas. Rogers,
 1775 Jerh. Robertshaw, W. Thom,
 1776 Ditto Joseph Moore,
 1777 J. Rowell, T. Dixon,
 1778 W. Hunter, J. Whitley,
 1779 Ditto Jonathan Brown,
 1780 C. Watkins, John Leach,
 1781 Joseph Thompson, John Beanland, Jas. Wray,
 1782 Benj. Rhodes, Mich. Moorehouse, W. Thom.
 1783 Robert Swan, J. Crosby, James Watson,
 1784 Ditto R. Hayward, T. Shaw,
 1785 P. Hardcastle, T. Brisco, J. Crosby,
 1786 W. Simpson, W. Hunter, jun., H. Robins,
 1787 J. King, J. Ogilvie, J. Christie,
 1788 Ditto Duncan Kay, J. Crosby,
 1789 W. Dufton, T. Shaw, C. Tunnicliff,
 1790 James Watson, George Lowe, W. Stephenson,
 1791 T. Dixon, T. Gill, R. Smith,
 1792 Ditto James Ridall, Samuel Gates,
 1793 Thomas Harrison, J. Beanland, J. Ridall.
 1794 Ditto R. Swan, G. Sykes, J. Ramshaw,

WHEN IN THE MIDDLEHAM CIRCUIT.

1795 R. Harrison, J. Ridall.
 1796 P. Hardcastle, A. Seckerson.
 1797 J. Philips, C. Tunnicliff; P. Hardcastle, super.
 1798 J. Moses, George Mowatt.
 1799 Ditto, Ditto, W. Fowler.
 1800 Isaac Muff, Charles Bland,
 1801 Ditto Ditto
 1802 W. Sanderson, John Ward.
 1803 W. Hunter, Arthur Hutchinson.

1804 W. Hunter, James Etchells.
 1805 Robert Harrison, Thomas Harrison.
 1806 Ditto, Ditto.

WHEN REETH CIRCUIT ALONE.

1807 James Thom, H. Crawshaw, (A Mr. Dunn
 was sent in H. Crawshaw's place.)

WHEN RICHMOND ALONE.

1808 Isaac Lilly, Luke Barlow.
 1809 Isaac Lilly,
 1810 Robert Harrison, J. Wittam,
 1811 Ditto, Ditto.
 1812 Wm. Hunter, Thos. Massey; J. Wittam, super.
 1813 James Ridall, Chas. Adshead, Ditto.
 1814 Ditto, J. Pearson, J. Smith, 3rd.
 1815 J. Pearson. J. Mattison, E. Broster,
 1816 J. Aslin, L. Haywood, J. Mattison.
 1817 Ditto, Ditto.
 1818 Isaac Clayton, T. Yeates, W. Shackleton.

RICHMOND AND REETH.

1819 Isaac Clayton, W. Shackleton, George Clark.
 1820 B. Hudson, George Clark.
 1821 Ditto, J. Rawson,
 1822 Ditto, Ditto
 1823 Moses Dunn, E. Broster.
 1824 George Douglas, H. Casson.
 1825 Ditto, Ditto.
 1826 H. Stephenson, Ditto.
 1827 Ditto, Samuel Kellet.
 1828 S. Kellet, G. Poole.
 1829 Ditto, W. Rennison.

1830 G. Clark, R. Watkin.
 1831 J. Raby, T. Short.
 1832 Ditto, Ditto.
 1833 Jno. Wright, R. Totherick.
 1834 Thomas Key, Ditto.
 1835 Ditto, Jno. Gill.
 1836 Ditto, Ditto.
 1837 Thomas Savage, James Pilley.
 1838 Ditto, Ditto.
 1839 William Jewitt, Joseph Frank,
 1840 Ditto, Jno. Lewis,
 1841 Jno. Lewis, R. Cook; J. Rawson, super.
 1842 Ditto, Ditto, Ditto.
 1843 E. Abraham, J. Cheeswright, Ditto.
 1844 Jno. Collier, Jno. Felvus, Ditto.
 1845 W. Brocklehurst, Ditto, Ditto.

REETH CIRCUIT ALONE.

1846 R. Tabraham, H. Dean; J. Rawson, super.
 1847 J. Haigh, Ditto, Ditto.
 1848 Ditto, Alfred Abbott, Ditto.
 1849 Thos. Kemshall, Ditto, Ditto.
 1850 Ditto R. W. Broomfield,
 1851 R. W. Broomfield, W. H. Cave.
 1852 G. Croft. J. Hooton.
 1853 H. Pedley, W. Fern.
 1854 Ditto, Ditto.
 1855 Ditto, Ditto.
 1856 R. Petch, J. R. Webb.
 1857 Ditto, D. Williams, 2nd.
 1858 H. Owen, H. R. Burton.
 1859 Ditto. R. H. Mole.
 1860 T. Brown, G. T. Dixon.

1861 J. Barrowclough, J. Cranswick.
1862 Ditto, Ditto.
1863 Ditto, Ditto.
1864 J. Ward, William Hare.

The following are the names of those Ministers which have been sent out by the Reeth Circuit, with the years they entered the ministry, and the date of their decease:—

Thomas Cherry,	commenced	1767,	died	1772.
Christ. Peacock,	„	1781,	„	1786.
Jonathan Siddle,	„	1828,	„	1830.
J. R. Cleminson,	„	1849.		
Jakeh Oates,	„	1852.		

ERRATA.—On page 101, fourth line from the bottom, for “Whilst for which not a few,” read, Whilst not a few.

